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# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 24. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 17, 1909. ONE PENNY.



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# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 24. WEEK ENDING APRIL 17TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.


## STAR-GAZING.

*The dew was falling fast; the stars began to blink.*
WORDSWORTH.

The outdoor man enjoys walking for the sheer animal exhilaration of the exercise and the pleasant effects which this and the fresh air produce upon the mind.

Few of us walk for the sake of health alone, for that would be a dreary business. We study the beauty of the scene, possibly we take an interest in the wild flowers and the bird songs. Generally we have some interest of a purely mental description which gives our mind something to do and keeps it in harmony with the slower pace of our feet.

Nature is observable in the summer evenings, but in the dark nights when everything is shadowy we must look beyond the earth for something to keep our minds busy.

The man who takes walks in the dark should be to some extent an astronomer.

To read up the science in books is one of the deadliest dull things I wot of. The right way to obtain a smattering of it—for a smattering is all you require—is to get some person who has spent hours and hours, nights and nights in the study of this fascinating subject, to point out to you the various stars and planets.

Everybody knows the Great Bear, but few can point out Venus or Saturn.

Your friend will point these out to you, and show you how to tell from the stars the direction in which you are walking.

If he is a scholar he may even be able to recount for your benefit some of the old myths connected with the stars. Ridiculous as these stories appear to us now, they yet serve to fix the names of the constellations in the memory.

Study the stars occasionally with a telescope as well as with the naked eye.

I do not know of any exercise better calculated for the development of the imagination than star-gazing. We know that the moon is uninhabited, for modern telescopes can define upon it things the size of St. Paul's Cathedral, but we do not know whether Mars or Venus is peopled.

As you look at them and suppose that they have on them men like ourselves, your imagination pictures what may happen in a few years' time.

Possibly while you are looking and speculating the Martians may be endeavouring to signal to us; some day they may justify Mr. Wells by invading the earth.

We have even wider scope for thought than this. The sun, the centre of our universe, is racing through space at the rate of 600 miles a minute. Where is it taking us to and when shall we reach the end of the journey?

When you have pondered these subjects for some little time you come back to earth with a sense of relief but with an added interest in life. Even the prisoner in his narrow cell can send his mind roaming to the stars. After all they furnish us with a free entertainment and we should not neglect them.

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G. LONGS.

## CHEEK.

An aeroplane, we learn, costs about £600; coloured, they naturally come more expensive.

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Lieutenant Shackleton has discovered the South Magnetic Pole; it suggests an Antarctic Svengali.

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A lady scientist has discovered a fossil which she believes to be two million years old. It takes the form of a message from a pre-historic "hubby" to his spouse to say that he is detained on business and she needn't sit up for him.

* * * * * * *

They call him Ask-and-you-shan't-receive-quith now.

* * * * * * *

We know of nothing so suggestive of Satan rebuking Sin as the indignation of the Trade Unionist at the decision of the Alliance Insurance Company that in future employees eligible for the Territorial Army must join it. Trade Unionists do their best to discourage (to put it very mildly) the non-Unionist, but of course that is not interfering with the liberty of the subject.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Augustine Birrell has been elected a Fellow of the Certificated Grocers. Yet he always struck us as lacking in sand.

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The Rev. R. J. Campbell wants to know just how he stands. As a theologian he sometimes stands on his head.

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Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., has drafted a bill for the Nationalisation of Railways and Canals. He evidently seeks to be a thorn in the flesh of the capitalist.

* * * * * * *

Miss Christabel Pankhurst rejoices in the fact that "while politicians are lying about in heaps (to say nothing of lying at bye-elections.—N. F.) suffering from influenza, the Social and Political Union goes merrily on." The influenza microbe, we understand, is rather a dainty feeder.

* * * * * * *

According to Miss Agnes Weston, Heaven is full of old maids. Well, well, for company give us—well, well.

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At a recent meeting Mr. Keir Hardie was greeted with sulphuretted hydrogen. The "gas" he gave forth, however, was even more offensive.

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Mr. Walter Emmanuel, of *Punch* fame, is bringing out a paper entitled "The Dog World and Anti-Cat Review." It will contain much good advice to dogs on the subject of eating fish.

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The Marquis Douro has a pretty taste in Coats. He has just married Miss Maud of that well-known family.

* * * * * * *

A Mr. Peter Double was lately fined £5 for kissing a girl. As he paid the money Mr. Double is now quits.

NORMAN FRASER.

## AN IDLE WEEK-END.

*To rest a little is wisdom.*—SPANISH PROVERB.

It happened one Sunday. I had been spending the week-end at a town some 30 miles from home and it was my intention to walk back, as I had walked there the day before; but fate, in the form of blistered heels, laughs at good intentions and I stopped at a wayside inn to learn when there was a train available.

My arrival was during prohibited hours and I caught the landlady unawares. She had a feather mattress airing on a big deal table in front of the fire in the bar parlour, and she was most apologetic for its presence there.

"You see, sir," she said, "if there is one thing I am particular about it is to have the beds well aired. I'll take it away for the evening when the customers come back, but I'll put it here again for all night."

I felt that I should like to sleep in a bed thus carefully prepared, and I casually asked her what she charged for a night's accommodation.

"We are very particular," she said. "These road chaps come and ask us if we can give them a bed for sixpence, but we always send them away. I couldn't do it for less than a shilling, because I must have clean sheets; I won't let a bed otherwise."

This was distinctly interesting and I led her on to the subject of cooking, discovering that she had been cook to a belted Earl before her marriage to the publican, and that her charge for a sumptuous breakfast was a humble ninepence.

Many times since then I have sojourned for a brief week-end at this wayside inn, and I find the good lady's dinners and teas as moderate in price as the rest of her accommodation, and the holiday is a cheap one.

Sport there is none worth speaking about. A small stream runs past the bottom of the garden but the fishing is not good. One does not want sport there, however; you have the glorious hills, and woods through which you can tramp until you are tired and wet, and there is a blazing fire and a hot meal awaiting your return.

When I look back at such a week-end I find that I have done nothing that can be chronicled. I have simply spent the time in blissful idleness, taking exercise for pleasure and not as in duty bound during the day, and spending the evening by the side of the fire at night chatting with the landlord and his customers.

These evenings are worth ten times the amount they cost me. My companions are simple rustics, unversed in the manners of the town, but they have sound commonsense and their views, if conservative, are at least practical.

We sit and drink and smoke and talk, and we talk and smoke a great deal more than we drink. During these week-ends I learn nothing that a townsman would consider worth knowing, but I see something of the realities of life that the townsman too often allows to slip past him.

F. B. MURRAY.

# ROOK SHOOTING

A SPORT BY WHICH YOU MAY KEEP YOUR HAND AND EYE IN TRAINING.

From August onward through the rest of the year, and indeed well into the first weeks of the new year, the shooting man has had his fill of sport; if indeed a man in love with his guns can ever be said to know satiety.

Early in the new year, however, there comes the time when gamekeepers, and the owners and tenants of shootings, are rather glad to think that their shooting friends have had enough for one season and that their guns are stowed away, cleaned and well protected against damp and other injurious elements; for the owner has already begun to look many months ahead, in fact well into the autumn of the year, when the guns will speak again in covert and wood, and field and moor.

He knows that, as soon as possible after the new year has entered, the birds are better left entirely to themselves, to feed and quarrel and keep themselves as well protected as may be against the devastating uncertainties of our weather, and finally to pair, breed, and rear their young.

**ABSTINENCE THAT PAYS.**

However attractive it may be to keep the gun to the shoulder and the eye upon the bird right up to the day before close time arrives, it is by no means the best policy, for birds know well on which land their greatest safety lies, after a season's sportsmen have done their best; and the land whereon they are disturbed until the latest possible date is hardly likely to be the scene of their mating and household activities.

A silence, then, falls upon the wise man's shooting lands very early in the year, and the keenest sportsmen lay aside their guns.

Only the occasional resounding bang of the keeper's weapon, as he picks off a prowling cat, or bowls over a rabbit or two to present to the friend from London who is spending a rural week-end, now disturbs for a moment the significant silences of the preserves.

The keen sportsman willingly abandons himself to other joys or other occupations, whether joys or not is uncertain. He plunges into the waves of the social sea, or goes abroad, or for a change does some work, and, as any lover separated from his mistress, tries to stifle the longings of his heart by strenuous activity in other directions. He craves for something to shoot at, some excuse for raising the polished stock to his shoulder, and yet denies himself, knowing that his abstinence will bring its reward later.

**THE FIRST SHOOT OF THE YEAR.**

He throws, as it were, his sporting bread upon the water, sure that it will come back to him after many days, if only, like the American, he has thrown it well up-stream and clear of the banks! And sure enough it does come back, not in its full strength and comforting sufficiency at first, but just in quantity and quality enough to help him get hand and eye again in harmony.

This first return to his favourite occupation comes with Spring in the form of the unpretentious yet very entertaining fun of rook shooting.

The year is at its best: Spring has transformed the bareness of Winter; the warmth beats brightly down, sometimes for a full day's length, from the ever-mounting sun; when the word goes round among the sportsmen and the crack shots of the countryside that the rookery is to be shot forthwith.

A merry company gathers on the outskirts of the village at that hour of the morning when all the world is young.

The trees already afford some little cover to the young and chattering birds that sit and sway upon the twigs around the late deserted nests, while the tough old birds, conscious of the unusual concourse below, circle round and round above, with unceasing clamour.

Then the first shot is fired, often by the owner of the trees, and, hit or miss, the sport begins and waxes fast and furious.

Some armed with neat and deadly rifles, others with the easier shot guns, blaze away incessantly for a full hour, the neighbourhood resounding with their sudden fusilade.

**BLACK HAIL.**

The sky is black with angry parent birds, some of which pay with their lives for their daring visits to the young that are the objects of the sportsman's aim.

Village boys run here and there gathering the black bundles as they tumble to the road inert and ruffled; and others scramble in and out of hedge and copse to reach the birds that come jerkily to earth, hitching here and there on their downward course in forked branch and shrub.

The ground is strewn with empty cartridge cases that the children scramble for when sport is over, and the village fathers gather in the road and strain unwilling necks to the tree tops, enjoying vicariously the exhilarating sport, and betting their evening pints upon the prowess of their favourite sportsmen.

And when the guns are called away to lunch, a goodly pile of birds is shared amongst as many of the cottagers as care to carry them away.

C. CLIFTON MANN.

## BIG GAME, BIG PRICES.

The skulls and skins with which big game hunters adorn their houses cost them anything from £10 upwards.

The actual price, a novice might suppose, would be the cost of the bullet and the powder behind it, but you must recollect the expenditure necessary for an outfit before the big game hunter leaves this country at all.

He will want at least six rifles, and, as he uses the best, he will pay £30 apiece for them. He will have three guns for shooting game, and for each of them he will pay £15.

You must allow of course the cost of his passage to the scene of his adventures, but that is insignificant compared with the expenditure necessary for getting up country. In British East Africa, the happy hunting ground for big game, it is customary for a party to engage from twenty to thirty native carriers, and these excellent gentlemen require a month's wages in advance. Their food supply is furnished chiefly from the bananas that grow wild and from the game shot by their employers.

Every sportsman must provide himself with a game licence, which costs £50, and for which he may shoot as many lions and leopards as he likes, and the following animals, which are protected by the government in a half-hearted kind of way: 2 elephants, 2 rhinoceroses, 2 hippopotamuses, 2 zebras, 2 gemsbucks, 1 eland, 1 sable hippotrages, 1 roan hippotrages, 2 kudus, 2 tapis, 2 hartebeestes, 1 bongo, 2 aard-varks, 2 cheetahs, 2 aard-wolfs, 2 marabouts, 2 egrets, 10 antelope of certain species, 10 chevratains.

A pretty respectable bag truly, if you could shoot them all, but you don't. If you bag about a quarter of this allowance you are mighty lucky besides being a mighty hunter.

And what is the use of it all?

Just the excitement. There is nothing on earth to equal it. Big game shooting brings an interest to life that is all its own.

## ETIQUETTE.

### VI. WEDDINGS.

Getting married is the sort of thing that may happen even to the youngest and wisest of us, and as the spring, in which a young man's fancy, etc., is now upon us—some remarks on the subject may be more or less appropriate.

So far as the principal actors at a wedding are concerned, it is, of course, the bride's day. The bridegroom is quite a secondary personage. He may be envied, commiserated, admired, or laughed at according to circumstances and the mood of the onlooker, but it is the bride who fills the picture; the bridegroom has little to do, and what there is he usually contrives to make a mess of.

Before we get to the church, there are two or three little points for the bridegroom to attend to: all invitations are sent out by your bride's parents (this and a dinner party, by the way, being the only occasions when the host's as well as the hostess's name appear on the invitation cards), and you should supply your future parents-in-law with a list of those among your own friends whom you wish invited.

Then it is your privilege to present the bridesmaids with souvenirs of the occasion, and if you are a wise man you will not rely on your own judgment, but get your fiancée to find out what they would like.

It is your privilege, too, to provide the bride's bouquet and usually those of the bridesmaids.

In regard to presents I may mention that you should send your own presents, that is, those made personally to you, to the bride's home for display at the reception.

Your best man should be a bachelor, but may be married, though the chief bridesmaid will probably be displeased if he is.

Well, you have cut yourself shaving, looked at a poached egg, and not liked its appearance, had just one spanking good brandy and soda; your best man has arrived, already irritatingly facetious, and you start for the church in carriage, motor-car, cab, or afoot.

Be punctual, of course, but don't get there too soon; if there is one occasion when a man feels and generally looks a fool, it is when he stands up at the side of the chancel steps awaiting Her.

As to your dress, frock coat, white waistcoat, light trousers, light tie, light gloves, patent leather boots, make up the usual toggery, but men get married in anything nowadays. Mr. Marconi created something of a sensation by being married in a morning coat—but that is really Captain Saunders' province.

Whether you or your best man should take charge of the ring until the flag falls, is for you to decide, but don't let each think the other has got it; the best man anyway takes charge of your hat once you enter the church, and pays all fees for you, you providing the coin.

There is a sudden stir and bustle; people are standing up and craning their necks; a vision in filmy white and lace is coming up the aisle, and—well, I needn't follow you farther—the Prayer-Book gives ample instructions—but in making the responses try to do so in a voice suggestive neither of a bath running out nor of calling the cows home.

Ordinarily a gentleman offers a lady his right arm, but when you are being married, you give your bride your left arm to lead her to the vestry, and again on leaving the church.

Arrived at the bride's home, you and she take up a position to receive congratulations. Sit-down breakfasts, of course, are out of fashion, light refreshments taking their place.

If you have to make a speech, cut it short, but fortunately speeches are out of fashion.

In conclusion, don't wear new boots, don't mop your brow while awaiting the coming of the bride, try not to say "My wife" more than forty times a minute after you are married, and the Lord be with you, for you have embarked upon a very perilous journey.

E. H. HILL.

# The Newcomer

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN L. HORNIBROOK.

Big Steve — or Stephen Rufton — was the bugbear of all new chums. He made his living by it. He was a great, hectoring, bully of a fellow; reddish - haired, quarrelsome, and always primed for a fight. He pounced on every fresh arrival with a greedy eye, and never let the unfortunate fellow go until he had squeezed all he could out of him. Those who were wise bought him off; those who fancied themselves a bit stood up to him—and were sorry for it afterwards.

Big Steve happened to be down watching the pearlers at Oyster Bay when Lorrimore first appeared, for Warra Tonga was within a few miles of the coast. He hung about the bay for his own purposes. More than one of the black divers there had experienced the weight of his fist, and were in holy terror of him. By threats and bullying he got them to secrete valuable pearls, which the rascals could do easily enough, and hand them over to him for a mere trifle.

The social air of Warra Tonga was all the purer for his absence, for he was a foul-mouthed fellow. It was even more so after Lorrimore's arrival. There was something about the young Britisher—no one could tell what exactly—which had a cleanly and wholesome effect. Even those who were not given to be over-choice in their language at other times, felt compelled to put a bridle on their tongues when he was by. In two weeks' time you would have hardly known the place. Lorrimore's presence seemed to have purged it.

Big Steve came back with his stolen pearls. He wasn't an hour in the township before he heard of Lorrimore, and the respect that was paid to him on all sides.

It was like a red rag to a bull. He swore horribly, and vowed that he would take the young prig of a Britisher down a peg or two before the evening was out. He would have no one ruling the roast at Warra Tonga but himself.

Wind of what he had said got about, and it created some little stir in the township. Rufton was a fellow to keep his word. All knew his reputation as a fighter. Lorrimore, on the other hand, had not been put to the test yet, and every-body was anxious to see how he would shape when the two met.

Consequently, there was a bigger crowd than usual in Barnes' saloon that night. A sort of under-current of expectation ran through all their talk; for Lorrimore was there, seated in the corner and quietly reading his paper.

Rufton was not long in showing up. In he came, spoiling for a fight by the look of him, and shot a fierce glance round in search of the Britisher.

He had brought a mate of his with him, just such another rowdy as himself. The two planked themselves down near Lorrimore, and Rufton called for drinks in his usual blustering fashion. There were sly nudges and winks among the rest of the crowd, for they knew the fun was about to commence.

Rufton started the ball with some choice language, interlarded with every kind of oath he could lay his tongue to. Then the pair began sneering at new chums; most of whom, they declared, were only fit to be tied to their mother's apron strings. They went on talking at Lorrimore in this way, and making all sorts of intentional slaps at him.

Lorrimore stood it quietly enough for a time. At last, when their language became hotter than ever, he laid down his paper and looked Rufton squarely in the face.

This was the bully's opportunity; and he snapped at it.

"Confound you, Britisher, what are you staring at?" he cried. "Ever seen me before, eh?"

"I imagine not."

"Now that you have, what do you think of me?"

"I think," said Lorrimore quietly, and he could be heard all over the saloon, for every voice dropped on the instant, "I think that you are a disgusting and foul - mouthed ruffian."

The words came like a thunder-clap to all present. A sort of surprised gasp went round the saloon. And on no one had they a more astonishing effect than on the bully himself.

Rufton was fairly flabbergasted. There was no other word for it. He sat there with his mouth half-open, as if wondering whether he was dreaming or not.

Not till he saw Lorrimore get up, fold his paper, and move quietly away towards the door, did he recover from the spell that seemed to have fallen on him. Then it snapped fast enough. With a hot oath he jumped to his feet, knocking over his chair, and clenching his great red fists. There was a glare like that of a wild beast in his eye as he made a headlong rush at the young fellow.

Lorrimore swung round as on a pivot. With a quick duck of the head, that showed he "had been there before," he avoided the tremendous blow aimed at him, and slipped nimbly to one side. Rufton was carried flying past by his mad rush, and reached the end of the saloon before he could pull himself up.

In two seconds a ring was formed around the pair. Rufton always relied on his battering-ram rushes, which had taken the heart out of many a good man, but such tactics were of little use to him here. There was the same quick side-stepping on Lorrimore's part (it came out afterwards that he had picked up his science from Jem Mace), and then the clear, crisp smack of his shooting fist.

Big Steve, stubborn fighter though he was, had nothing but his brute strength behind him. He was bewildered by the stinging blows that came showering in upon him from every side.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, he was forced back to the wall. And there, in the space of two minutes, he was fairly fought to a standstill. His arms dropped at last. He could do no more. He had to give in.

After that he had to sing small, though Lorrimore showed no intention of crowing over him or making much of having fought him to a finish. He was not that sort of fellow. He went about his business just as if nothing had happened, and even shook off those who wanted to tell him that he was the pride of the township.

Lorrimore was dealing in horses mostly. He had come up to Warra Tonga to rake in serviceable "walers," having a contract to supply remounts for the army. His business took him round to all the outlying stations, and he brought in his horses in batches of from three to five.

There was some dispute in the township as to how Big Steve would act, now that his colours had been lowered. Those who had already suffered through him were not slow in saying that he would take an unfair advantage of Lorrimore if he met him in a lonely spot; others believed that, bully and blackleg though he was, he was not the class of ruffian to stick a man in the back.

It happened that one hot, blistering day, when Lorrimore was bringing in some horses, he found himself near one of the deep, shady lagoons that lay between Warra Tonga and the sea coast. These lagoons, as will appear presently, had an evil reputation amongst all the inhabitants of the district, though to strangers they looked cool and inviting.

The one which Lorrimore had struck was about the largest of them; a long, narrow stretch of water, overhung on three sides with trees. To the south there was a clearing, with a bush hut standing a few hundred yards back.

Lorrimore approached it through the clearing, and rode up to the bank. A plunge in the cool water, he thought, would be the very thing for him after his hot ride.

He dismounted, tied his horses together, and began to peel off his clothes.

Just as he was about to plunge in, he heard a shout behind him. He looked round, and saw a man rushing towards him from the hut, shouting, and waving his arms wildly. It was Big Steve.

Lorrimore was puzzled. He couldn't make it out. Whatever could the man want?

Anyway, whether he came with a friendly intention or the reverse, he felt that he would be better able to face him after he had had his swim. And so, without waiting to hear what the man was bellowing to him, he took a header into the lagoon.

His first impression was, when he struck the surface, that he had plunged headlong into the sea. For, to his no small astonishment, the water was brackish—salt as the ocean itself.

He swam out towards the middle of the lagoon, where he turned and commenced to tread water in a leisurely fashion. At that moment Rufton rushed up, his face red and strange-looking.

Big Steve's action seemed to be that of a madman. No sooner did he reach the bank than he stooped, snatched up every stone within reach, and hurled them out into the lagoon. They fell with a splash all round Lorrimore, who shouted an indignant protest to him.

Rufton took no notice. He rushed off towards a small boat, which was drawn up on the bank. He ran it down into the water, jumped in, and started to pull for the swimmer in a frantic hurry.

Lorrimore called out to him again; wanting to know what the mischief he was up to? Big Steve twisted his head round towards him.

"Look, man!" he shouted. "Look behind you!"

Lorrimore looked round; and what he saw was almost enough to freeze the very blood in his veins. An ugly, black fin was cleaving through the water, making straight towards him. He knew at once what it was, for he had seen it often before. A shark!

"Kick, man!" roared Rufton. "Kick—splash—for all you're worth!"

No need to shout twice. Lorrimore, his scared eyes turned over his shoulder, kicked and splashed until he churned the water into foam. The boat shot alongside, and he grasped the gunwale. Was he too late?

Great Heavens—yes! There was a swirl in the water close behind him. The monster was upon him.

Rufton had sprung up in the boat, an oar poised in his hand. As the shark turned on its back, almost right under Lorrimore, he jabbed the oar into the monster's open mouth. The savage jaws closed with a snap, nipping off the blade as though it were matchwood.

Lorrimore was dragged into the boat, where he tumbled in a heap to the bottom, and lay panting there until they reached the shore.

Big Steve stood by while he pulled on his clothes with shaky hands. Then Lorrimore turned to him.

"Rufton," he said, "you saved my life."

Big Steve looked awkward, and growled out—

"No reason because you beat me in a fair stand-up fight I should hold back when you were likely to be chopped into mincemeat."

And the two shook hands.

# The Joys of Camping Out

IF YOU PURPOSE CAMPING OUT THIS SUMMER, NOW IS THE TIME TO BEGIN MAKING YOUR ARRANGEMENTS.

Go into camp—not only during your summer holiday, but while you are still at work—breathe pure, clean country air during the evenings, cast conventionality to the winds, be just a man and learn to know other men as you can only under canvas.

There are many ways of camping out. One is to go to some large holiday camp, where you take a tent as you might a room in an hotel. Here the organisation is done for you and the rough places made smooth, but you are not at liberty to choose your own spot, or to move on at will, and though you will probably meet the best of good fellows, to whom introductions are superfluous, you cannot be sure of your neighbour.

The saving in trouble and worry, however, is an important point, and such camps appeal to many.

One of the largest camps for young men is held near Douglas, Isle of Man, and its attractions in the way of recreation and good fellowship are many. Another is organised by the Irish Campers' Association, another is held near Harrogate, and there are many others, both large and small, throughout the kingdom during the summer months, especially at the seaside.

**BE INDEPENDENT.**

But it is far better to make up a party of your own, to be your own caterers and to have complete independence.

It needs a little grit at first, for things have a way of going wrong until you have acquired experience. It is well to get some old campaigner to make one of the party, or at least to put you up to the ropes, for you have much to learn.

First as to site; you want, of course, to be as far away from all signs of town life as you can, but it is better to be within easy reach of your home, for a long railway journey, especially if you have to transport your tents and paraphernalia, is an expensive business, and will take much of your precious time. By pitching your camp within reach of your work, so that you can get in by train or cycle every day, you will get what is practically an extension of your summer holiday.

Having chosen your locality, the next most important thing is the water supply. See that good drinking water is available, and as near as possible to your camp.

If you can get some farmer to give you the use of a corner of a field, you will be best suited, for with a farm near at hand, the difficulties of the commissariat are greatly lessened, and you can leave the camp unoccupied while you are on your expeditions, without much fear of casual and unwelcome visitors.

**THE FARMER'S WIFE.**

The farmer's wife is also a very useful person to have handy.

Her needle and thread will often repair damage which is beyond the resources of the "housewife" that every wise camper takes with him.

She will recommend you to the best tradespeople in the neighbourhood, and will keep you well supplied with fresh eggs, butter and cream.

You can often do the farmer a good service in return by lending a hand with some of the farm work—haymaking, milking and so on—which will prove most fascinating to the town dweller, and will help to relieve the great pressure that falls upon the regular farm hands at certain seasons.

Many a farmer or other landowner will be quite ready to allow you the use of a camping ground free, but if you arrange to pay a small ground rent it will be most satisfactory, for he will then have an interest in doing all he can to oblige you and will welcome your return.

Never, of course, camp anywhere without asking the owner's permission; it is only too often done, and the consequences are invariably unpleasant, as many a man who would willingly give leave if asked, objects to being treated in this manner.

Do not, if you can avoid it, pitch your camp on sloping ground. If it must be done, let it be at the top rather than the bottom of a slope, in case of wet weather, and see that you sleep with your feet lower than your head.

Find out what is the wind to which you will be most exposed, and pitch your tent with the door on the opposite side.

If you cook with a fire, and not with that boon to the camper who wishes to move from place to place, an oil stove, see that the "kitchen" will be as much as possible to leeward of the camp, so that you will not be bothered by its smoke, and also make sure that there is plenty of firewood near at hand.

**THE MORNING BATHE.**

The joys of camp are considerably lessened if it is not near the sea, or a river or lake, so that an early morning bathe may form part of the day's routine, while fishing and boating have great attractions for the man who wants relaxation and not too strenuous exercise. You will find that the work to be done about camp, for there is a good deal to be got through when you are your own "cook-general," valet, water-carrier, and so on, will be quite enough exertion to reconcile you to a fairly lazy day when it is finished.

It is the periods of "lazing" in camp, of basking in the sun and smoking the pipe of peace, on which, next to meal-times, the camper looks back with most pleasure and contentment.

Content! That is the keynote of camp—at any rate when you are used to its free and easy.

In the matter of tents, a second-hand Army bell-tent is most easily procured, from any Army contractor or stores, and it will cost from 20s. to 35s. It is better to buy one outright, as the cost of hiring is exorbitant compared with the total price; having once tried camp, you are sure to want to go again, so that the tent will be needed many seasons.

In choosing your tent see that the cap where the pole fits, and the eyelet holes to which the guy-ropes are fastened, are sound. If the canvas is rotted with damp these will be the first parts to go, together with the fastenings of the door, if it is one of the old pattern tents that lace up. On no account buy a tent without seeing it.

**THE TENT TO CHOOSE.**

A bell-tent is excellent for sleeping in, but has many disadvantages if it is to be used as a sitting-room as well. Therefore, if you can only afford one tent for the whole party, it will be best to get a lean-to tent, with two uprights and a ridge-pole, and, if possible, a double roof, with a fly sheet about a foot above the actual tent, which will prevent all discomfort in wet weather.

The camp bedsteads, if you go in for such a luxury, may be ranged along the sides and converted into most useful settees during the day, while the table or its substitute stands in the centre, and over it a lamp is slung from the ridge pole.

A tent of this kind, however, is a luxury, and will be out of the reach of the ordinary camper, unless he intends to make use of it every year, and for some little time, in which case an extra outlay at the beginning will be well repaid, and even then the holiday will be cheaper than one in a hotel or lodgings.

By arranging to make your camp a standing one throughout the summer so that it may be occupied at different times by different parties and at odd week-ends, the cost of the original "plant" may be divided up so as to come to only a few shillings a head, while in following years you will start with no initial outlay at all.

If the camp is in any way a permanent one, a rough board floor is very desirable, but its place is quite efficiently taken by a tarpaulin or military waterproof sheet, which can be bought second-hand for five or six shillings.

For a mattress, if you do not indulge in the quite unnecessary luxury of a bedstead, have a strong linen bag made, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide, and fill this with straw. The simplest form of bedding is to thrust loose straw or hay or bracken under the waterproof sheet. Many Spartan campers lie on the hard ground with no bedding but a blanket, but even if you take the precaution of scooping a hole in the earth for your hip (which process makes a mess of the tent-floor) you will never be really comfortable, unless you possess the faculty of sleeping on your back.

**HOW TO SLEEP.**

The secret of sleeping comfortably in camp is to have a sleeping bag. Get a blanket—a brown Army blanket is best, for nothing will keep clean in camp, and if you must have dirt, good wholesome clean dirt as it is, it is best not to be able to see it—fold it double longways, and get it sewn up at the open side and end.

When you have inserted yourself into the resulting bag, there is no chance of your "coming untucked" in the night. The blanket will not be too rough for you if you are wise and sleep in flannel shirt and trousers.

When you have decided to go into camp, and fixed upon your companions and locality, start getting together the things you want a week or two beforehand—especially if you are not an old hand at the game, and do not yet know by instinct what to take.

Keep a list of requirements in your pocket, to which you can add the various details as they occur to you.

As you will have to keep all your belongings in the portmanteau or bag in which you take them, it is not a bad idea to have a number of small linen or canvas bags—personally I use boot-bags—which will serve to keep your smaller possessions from getting mixed up.

**A MAN'S GAME.**

One bag, for instance, will contain your toilet requisites, brushes and so on; another, your washing tackle; another, your repair outfit—housewife, scissors, spare bootlaces, and what not.

A camp-stool will well repay the trouble of packing and transporting it, and when set against the side of a bell-tent, between two of the guy-ropes, it makes as comfortable an armchair as you could wish for.

It is as well, however, to see that the pegs of the two ropes are firmly fixed in the ground, or when you lean back there may be trouble.

But these are details, and every camper has his own fads, and his own methods of doing things.

Camping is primarily a man's game. He revels in the return to nature, the absence of cant and conventionality, the knowledge that he can dress, or omit to do so, as and how he likes, that he is his own master, dependent on nothing but the elements, and even they don't count for much.

ALAN HAMER.

# LET YOURSELF GO.

*For one restraint, lords of the world besides.*—Milton.

If there be one failing of the man of to-day more marked than another it is his tendency to too much self-restraint.

The world has become akin to a large public school or a university.

At either of these institutions a boy or a man is forced by his environment to eliminate from his character those objectionable features which his companions consider bad form.

In short he becomes a gentleman. In many cases he goes through this process of character formation without losing his individuality. He takes, to use an illustration, a veneer above a solid and valuable basis; but there are other instances, readily recalled by those acquainted with public school or university life, where the hall-mark of gentility is impressed upon metal which is only silver-plated. How much better would it have been had the iron been left unhampered with!

To a less extent the world to-day is carrying out the work of the public school and university.

It is forming the man into its own mould, it teaches him patriotism, religion, what you please, after a stereotyped fashion.

This is not wholly to be condemned, for in such matters we frequently find that the man who takes views diverse from those of his fellows is running off the track; he is a socialist, an atheist, or some other form of crank. So far the world is good, but, like the public school and university, it carries its system too far, and in no instance is this so marked as in the matter of self-restraint to which I have referred.

With the advent of manhood there comes a strong inclination to activity, which is only another way of saying that the conscious male feels the need of fighting something. But he is restrained in too many cases by his environment.

His parents tell him that he should not become a Territorial lest, perchance, there be in his troop some undesirable person. They tell him he should not go in for boxing lest he get hurt; that he should refrain from swimming lest he be drowned; that he should not ride a horse lest he be thrown.

Where such injudicious restraint exists it will in every case be cast to the winds by the man of vigorous character. Let his less vigorous fellows copy him.

We find the same thing in an even more marked degree when the Englishman goes holiday making. Then indeed is he obsessed by restraint. The beauties of nature, the delights and joys of intercourse with his fellow men and women fail to move him to any perceptible extent. He will walk through a wood at morningtide without whistling; he will play his rôle at a dance as a dutiful partner without accepting the spirit of music and movement, without forgetting himself and without discovering himself anew and in a more glorious aspect.

The man who never lets himself go is a tame sort of person.

He never plays a mild practical joke on anyone, for fear he should be considered rude; he never laughs more heartily than an inane titter, because he dreads being thought vulgar.

Convention forbids him, and he is subservient to her edicts.

He is set down by his acquaintances as a man of no spirit, and they are right. He may have had spirit once, but he has crushed it out of him.

If you are a wicked man you must restrain yourself; but if you are wicked you are a freak. The average normal man is not wicked. He is just a man. If you are an average man let yourself go when circumstances seem to demand it. Laugh and be merry when laughter and mirth are provoked. Your laughter may induce a responsive note in some sad heart which would otherwise have remained untouched; in any case it will benefit yourself.

Therefore, let yourself go.

M. Bruce.

# SPORTING STORIES.

## A SUGGESTION.

The sportsman had been doing badly, and the birds were pleased though the keeper wasn't.

And then the sportsman did well—at lunch.

After lunch he did better at the birds.

"Bit better now, after lunch, haw!" he remarked to the keeper. "I'm not such a bad shot after all, haw!"

The keeper crushed an inoffensive beetle with the toe of his boot, for he was meditating.

"What a grand thing it would have been, sir," he said, "if you'd thought of taking your lunch last night."

## NO FALSE ECONOMY.

The Professor was fond of writing articles for the heavyweight quarterlies on social and ethical subjects, and he was extra busy on one when the sharer of his joys and sorrows burst into his study.

"Dear," she said, "whatever shall I do? Little Octavius has swallowed a pin."

But the news failed to excite the sharer of her joys and sorrows.

The Professor raised his eyes and his pen from the heavyweight article which he was not doing for The Modern Man.

"Woman," he said, "a pin is worth the one-hundred-and-forty-fourth part of a penny. Do not worry about its loss. Let him have another."

## A MISFIRE.

The English book-canvasser had a very pretty tongue, a fact of which he was fully conscious. The inhabitants of the country in which he was travelling had a tendency to put in two or three "r's" in their worrrds, and the glib speech of the Englishman fell sweet upon their ears.

But he had yet to learn that a Scotsman may like a thing without falling over himself in his rush to spend money upon it, and those on whom he called listened to the canvasser's dulcet tones with pleasure, but kept their purse strings tightly tied.

Finally he happed upon the abode of Sandy MacTodd and to Sandy he made his usual request as to whether he would not like to buy an encyclopædia.

"Naw," said Sandy, "naw! I've a bicycle already and I've nae use for them new airyplanes. Try the parson."

## WHAT HE HADN'T SAID.

The captain was lecturing his men on the correct way to behave when wearing Territorial uniform.

"If you are in a public house," he said, "and a civilian wants to quarrel with you, don't fight. Just finish your beer and go away."

Trooper Giles was more remarkable for his horsemanship than for his general intelligence, and the captain thought it well to make sure that he understood his meaning; and so he asked him what he would do if a civilian picked a quarrel with him in a pub.

"Oi'd do as you said, zur," replied the gallant trooper. "Oi'd drink up the other chap's beer and goo away."

And the captain had to say it all over again.

# THE ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

**FIFTH AWARD.**

Ccclluckqrst! Ccclluckqrst! Ccclluckqrst! Yyyhelpwxyz! Yyyhelpwxyz! Yyyhelpwxyz! Wwerddedifff sssomebodyyy ain'ttt pppullingg ourrr tttailll fffeathersss!

Ccclluckqrst! Ccclluckqrst! Ccclluckqrst! Yyyhelpwxyz! Yyyhelpwxyz! Yyyhelpwxyz! Legggo! Fffoulll! Fffoull! Ggget thee (ssome ottherbodyyy's) hhhenccee.

Cymbbbggg. Likewise Bbbmmmvvv. And not forgetting dear little Mynyddednyfedllanystymdwyebdfgpppd.

Excuse us for a moment; our jaw slipped.

Whereas, by these simple and touching words we welcome to the

Most Elevated Order of the Cough Drop

(Motto: It's cheek that does it)

Our foxy and financial friend

## DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

(Motto: Lloyd-George and (a moderately) Merrie England).

Because:

Twenty years ago he was an obscure Welsh attorney.

To-day he is Chancellor of the Exchequer of the world's greatest Empire.

It was he who said: Ego et Rex meus (if he didn't he ought to have).

He has a rod in pickle for some of us.

But we hope that in consideration of the honour we have bestowed upon him, and the fact of our having dislocated our jaw in learning his beautiful language, he will let us

Roost in Peace.

# THINGS SEEN.

## V.—THE OLD FIDDLER.

It was in the Strand within a stone's throw from Westinghouse Building that I saw the old fiddler. To describe him as grey-haired would be inaccurate. His hair and his beard were white, with that yellowish tinge that proclaims old age.

The traffic was clattering as usual, but through it came the strains of his fiddle, and the old familiar tune struck me before I saw the player.

"Farewell tae my dearie,
Farewell tae my Jean!"

I thought of the last time I had heard the dear old tune played and sung, and on coming up to the musician I slipped something into his hand. I did it secretly, for the melody proclaimed him a Scotsman and I knew that charity would be distasteful to him even though circumstances had forced him to invite it.

Scarcely had I left him when I met a man who was obviously a success. The width of his cheekbones proclaimed him to have come from across the Border, but, unlike the old fiddler, he had made money. It had made him arrogant. He was not swaggering, but there was about his carriage more than a suggestion of independence and self-confidence.

"Farewell tae my dearie,
Farewell tae my Jean!"

The man's expression changed. The tune recalled some memory. I turned and saw him cross to the old fiddler and put something in his hand. It was something better than I had given, for it shone yellow.

The expression upon the face of the old fiddler was a benediction in itself, and the hardness left the mouth of the man who had succeeded; I could not hear what they said.

I believe that, even as a business man, he would have confessed to having had full value for that sovereign, for the tune had lifted him for a moment out of his sordid world.

G. Bulcraig.

# From our Readers

## PUTTING UP.

The man who has a liking for travel, but whose purse is not quite equal to the demands he would like to place upon it, is sometimes in a difficulty in the matter of hotel accommodation.

He knows that half-a-crown will procure him a clean bed and a sufficiently substantial breakfast, but he also knows that this is about the minimum, and that he must therefore be careful in his selection of a place for putting up.

If he calls at the average temperance hotel the landlady will inform him that she can do him very well at the figure mentioned. Very often she does him, but not in the sense of the word which he understood.

What you want is unbiassed advice, and the best place to get it is a public house which does not itself let rooms. Ask the landlady if she can recommend you an hotel. She has heard her customers discuss these matters, and she has no personal interest in the case; therefore she can generally give you advice which is not only sound, but also unprejudiced.

For 2s. 6d. you can put up quite comfortably, but you want to know where, and this is the best way to find out.

## HINTS TO MOTOR DRIVERS.

It is only natural that a man whose love of machinery has made him adopt motor-driving as a profession, should like to have his car turned out smartly. The horse driver has long given the utmost attention to the general appearance of his turnout, but so far the smartness of the motor has depended largely upon the ingenuity and pains of its maker.

It is refreshing, therefore, to see the tendency amongst London motor drivers to whiten the sides of their tyres. In the course of a day over muddy streets the tyres naturally become sullied, but even so they have a smartness which is more than worth the trouble.

All that is required is a bucket of whitewash —cost 1d.—which can stand in an odd corner of the Garage. When the tyres have been cleaned, they should be run round with the whitewash brush. This wants to be done neatly, and care should be taken that none of the whiting comes over the tread of the tyre. The resulting effect is very well worth the slight trouble entailed.

## THE PART USUALLY NEGLECTED.

When you say that a man is well groomed, you mean that his whole appearance is neat, and your impression has been gathered very largely from the trimness of his head. If he is clean shaven, he will be very cleanly shaved, for the day-old stubble is a thing inexcusable. But there is one little point which even the careful shaver is apt to neglect, but which nevertheless does much to make or mar his general appearance. I refer to the line beside the ear where his hair is cut across.

Barbers say they can always tell a man who shaves himself because this line is more irregular on the left side than on the right, this being due to the fact that the average man is right-handed. There is no reason why this part of the toilet should be carelessly done.

In lathering your face see to it that the hair at the side of your head hangs directly downwards; then when applying the razor be careful to shave off just the edge of the hair so that the line is left absolutely straight. It is not very difficult to do, and attention to this matter improves a man's appearance wonderfully.

## WATCH CHAINS.

A good variant from the heavy silver or gold chain that is usually worn by a man has already been suggested on this page in the shape of a bridle lip-strap.

Many men, however, happen to possess a ladies' watch chain—one of those fine gold or silver chains which are sometimes little thicker than a bit of picture wire—which may have been given them by some fair admirer, or be a memento of some relative they have lost.

Very often it is put away in a drawer, and never worn because it looks so unlike the normal man's watch-guard.

The thing to do is to wear it double, or even treble or quadruple, for such chains are usually very long, or if it be worn single, the watch should be carried in one of the top waistcoat pockets, and the chain worn across the chest.

It is only when it is worn in the usual place that the thinness of a single strand is so apparent —and so tempting to the light-fingered gentry.

## TO CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

Those who take the trouble of making cigarettes themselves enjoy a particularly good smoke, but the fact that the tobacco they use has in many cases not been specially designed for cigarette consumption, and has consequently not been doctored with saltpetre, often lands them in trouble in the matter of lighting the cigarettes.

When you apply the match to a self-made cigarette you find in many cases that the paper burns away before the tobacco ignites. This trouble can be remedied in a very simple manner as follows.

Naturally you moisten the end of the cigarette which you are going to put to your lips so that it will not stick thereto. Apply the same principle to the other end; then when you put the match to it the tobacco will catch before the paper does, for, the paper being moist, the tobacco is the more combustible.

## MUDDY BOOTS.

There is no feeling quite so joyful as that of getting thoroughly dirty—unless it is that of getting clean again afterwards.

Every man retains from his boyhood a delight in getting his boots dirty and in ploughing through the middle of puddles instead of walking round them.

But the pleasure can only be experienced if you have on old boots that don't matter.

The way to treat your old boots—and leggings too—after you have been out for a splash in pouring rain, is to wash them.

Wash them with soap—inside as well, if necessary—while they are still wet. Don't let the dirt dry on them, when you can only attempt to brush it off.

If you can keep an old nail-brush for the purpose it will be most efficacious, but don't be afraid of washing the boots thoroughly; you cannot make them wetter than they are, if you have been out in a proper rainstorm.

Then when they are clean, dry them roughly and put some ordinary brown polish on at once, so as to prevent the moisture sinking into the cracks.

Before being put away, the boots should, if possible, be put on trees, so that they may not lose their shape owing to the wetting, and of course they must be allowed to dry naturally, and not put in front of the fire.

## WHY NOT SEND US A PARAGRAPH?

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The guinea this week goes to Bombardier P. C. J. Callan, 128th Battery R.F.A., Athlone, Ireland, for "The Boxer's Hands."

## MOTOR CYCLING ON THE CHEAP.

One is apt to regard the motor cyclist as a bit of a millionaire, but this sport can be enjoyed by almost any man, provided he has a distinct turn for mechanism.

Whether your bike be new or old, it is absolutely essential that you should understand how to tinker it yourself, unless you are a millionaire.

You can pick up a very fair motor bicycle secondhand for ten pounds, and it is even possible to get one for five pounds, although a machine at that figure can scarcely be recommended.

In buying this secondhand motor bicycle you are running a considerable risk—a sporting risk if you like to consider it such. The bike may be very good; it may be the machine of some wealthy man who has got tired of it. On the other hand it may be a regular crock.

Certain it is that with a secondhand motor bicycle there will be much more occasion for the use of your spanner and repair outfit, and for visits to the local cycle shop, than there would be with a new machine; but the man who likes tinkering with machinery, and is capable of doing his repairs, can derive a good deal more than ten pounds' worth of enjoyment from a £10 secondhand motor bike.

## THE BOXER'S HANDS.

Have you ever even in a friendly spar had the misfortune to "knock up" your hand or more likely your thumb? It's painful, isn't it, and awkward, too, for it debars you from participation in the sport for some time, besides inconveniencing you nearly every moment of the day.

Here's a little tip that will greatly minimise the danger of such an accident. Get an old pair of kid gloves with good stout seams, and cut off the tops of the fingers and thumbs. That's all you want. Wear these under the boxing gloves whenever you use them. The difference is simply wonderful and the added protection is well worth any little trouble.

Of course you can wear bandages either of soft cloth or adhesive tape. These are passed over the backs of the knuckles and over the thumb joints and fastened at the wrist, but they are more for the ring than for friendly sparring.

In the days of protracted prize fights when a great measure of success depended upon the man's hands, the pugilists "pickled" their hands to make them hard.

Even at the present day more than one boxer of my acquaintance uses a pickle for about a fortnight before a fight. Each, of course, has his own fad, but alum plays a large part in most of the solutions used for this purpose.

But, whatever aids or protection you have, you must remember never to hit unless the fist is firmly clenched or you'll get a knocked up hand as sure as—well, as sure as Johnson beat Tommy Burns.

## CUTTING THE PAST.

I cannot help feeling that the fellow who lives in the past has something wrong with him—certainly he will never be a success in life.

It is very tempting to keep up with your old school friends or early pals by means of "Old Boys'" Clubs and so on, but my experience has led me to doubt whether it is wise.

There is no occasion to go out of your way to cut old friends, if they are true friends, but there is equally little to go out of your way to mix with mere acquaintances who only serve to remind you of the past, which always seems brighter than the present, and therefore tends to make you discontented.

After all it is the present and the future that are most important to the young man.

Let him keep his past achievements to look back upon when he is alone, or to talk over occasionally with an old and tried friend and a pipe.

But let him live in the present and the future, and cut the past. It may seem heartless to say so, but it is the only way to success.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# COLIN CAMPION, SPORTSMAN.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

When a young man has been so wise in his choice of parents as to select an M.F.H. for a father, and a mother who has ridden straight to hounds all her life, then, by all the laws of breeding, he should be a thorough sportsman. Now, I have on many occasions enjoyed the cheery hospitality of the Campions at Pankton Hall, Norfolk. Lounging in Campion Senior's favourite armchair, I have placed my slippered feet on the old oaken mantelpiece which is carved with the time-blackened armorial bearings of bygone Campions.

In this comfortable position I have puffed luxuriously at fine Havana cigars, "as supplied to the House of Lords," and I can state with confidence that I have demolished many bottles of the excellent sherry from the Pankton cellars —yet, Colin Campion, I am about to break you irretrievably in the eyes of man, and your cherished reputation shall be lost for ever!

Now Colin Campion was a far-famed and all-round sportsman, so that many envied me the honour of his friendship. He had captured the Pankton Hunt Point-to-Point the day before I went down to spend yet another indefinite period with him.

But I found the way he prided himself on his latest achievement was well-nigh unbearable. It might be explained that I had ridden an "also ran" in that same Point-to-Point!

"My dear chap," I observed over the dinner table, "you've never ridden in a race above the form of a flapping meeting!"

"James," he said sarcastically, "as you are such a great authority on the sport of kings and beggars, would you regard the Kilpatrick Races in Ireland 'above the form of a flapping meeting'?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I understand that the Annual Steeplechase Course is a bit hard to negotiate."

During the walnuts and sherry he passed a letter over to me.

It was from one Bignold Kavanagh and offered him a mount on "Drum Major" in the Kilpatrick Annual Steeplechase!

"Uncle Kavanagh," he explained, "considers it his sacred duty to win that race every year. My cousin—young Bignold—who used to ride his father's horses, is now stewing with his regiment and learning how to drink in India."

"Has Kavanagh's horse any chance?" I asked cautiously.

"Old Drum Major won it last year," Campion replied, "and he's fairly well handicapped for this race." A sudden idea struck him. "Let's wake 'em up at Kilpatrick together, James!" he added.

"Done!" I exclaimed, "but it seems a long way to go to ride a winner."

"I would travel twice as far to see Cousin Joyce Kavanagh!" he said simply.

I lapsed into silence. I had always considered that no girl could ever share the whole-hearted affection that he had for "that noble animal—the horse."

II.

The Kavanaghs welcomed us in the manner to be expected of Campion's relations, and as Colin had said, the dark-haired, imperious Joyce was worth travelling far to see.

They could talk of nothing but the forthcoming Annual Steeplechase, which was an embryo Grand National to them.

The excitement seemed to affect the whole household, and I heard the fat and excellent cook confide to one of the retainers that she had prayed nightly for the victory of the redoubtable Drum Major.

There was nothing of the luxurious New-market horse-box about Drum Major's quarters. A few stray chickens were picking about round his hoofs with evident unconcern, and as we were inspecting him in the morning after our arrival, an escaped pig looked in and startled us with a grunt. A stableman had no sooner led Drum Major into the middle of the yard, than an interested dozen of keen-eyed Irishmen climbed over the gate without apologising to Mr. Bignold Kavanagh, who did not seem to mind in the least.

It was not long before that gentleman considerably startled my nerves by addressing the crowd from a place of vantage on an upturned pail, and told them that the horse was never fitter in his life, and, bar a fall, could easily give the weight away to the field.

These remarks were received by those assembled with undisguised satisfaction.

I thought at first he was fooling them for some purpose of his own, but it was evident from his face that he was not.

Now we manage these things better in England. If a stable, however small, shelters a probable winner, they try him in secret before the day has properly dawned, lead him back to his box, with downcast looks, and report to the paper touts that he has no possible chance against the worst "plater" in the world.

Nevertheless, he turns up at the meeting just in time to fulfil his engagement, his owner backs him "away" for much wealth, the horse starts at 100—8, and gets beaten a short head. That is English racing!

Being so thoroughly inured to the foregoing method Mr. Kavanagh's *penchant* for giving away stable secrets so publicly, struck me as little short of shameful and suicidal. I had reckoned on paying my expenses by taking a nice price about Drum Major. Now, all Kilpatrick would back him down to an odds on chance!

Had I known that every owner of a horse entered in the Kilpatrick Steeplechase strongly fancied and publicly tipped his own, I need not have been so alarmed!

A larger crowd still awaited us out in the open, and cheers greeted Colin Campion, who was bestriding the noble Drum Major

Behind him followed Mr. Bignold Kavanagh on a stodgy animal able to carry his sixteen stone. Lastly, well booted and spurred, I was endeavouring to hold in a spirited four year-old —somewhat of a weed, but a good trial horse for Drum Major.

Mr. Kavanagh blandly informed the company the precise weight Drum Major was about to concede my horse over a mile racing gallop—whereat I boiled inwardly. At a signal from Mr. Kavanagh, we shot off well together, but we had not traversed half-a-mile on the round course before I could see that Drum Major had mine "stone cold," and could have won by a distance.

"Ease yours up a bit, Colin," I yelled. He did so imperceptibly. Then we went on together, mine doing his little best and Drum Major won, amid cheers, by a length.

"Lordy, what a good thing Drum Major is!" Colin confided to me. "I could have whacked you by ten lengths!"

"We must help ourselves first over this," I remarked practically, "I hope old Bignold's commission won't be too heavy."

"He's never betted a penny on a horse in his life," said Colin. "It's the honour and the spirit he races for!"

I lifted up my voice in thankfulness, for that Ireland held such a true sportsman as Mr. Bignold Kavanagh.

"The only horse we fear, me lads," he said, "is young O'Hara's Black Tyrone, and if the young dayvil bates his own future father-in-law, damn it, he ought to be shot!"

Colin looked up quickly and choked something back.

"Is Joyce—engaged?" he asked kindly.

"Yesterday!" the old man replied heavily. "But the lad's true Irish!"

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That night Colin Campion disappeared immediately after dinner, and it was not until some hours later that I strolled out of my bedroom door on to the verandah to finish a pipe. The night sky was gloriously clear and calm; the blue hills in the distance were silhouetted against the horizon. I smoked contentedly. Then low sounds broke the silence beneath me.

"You'll do it, won't you?" said a voice unmistakably Joyce's. "What does it matter to father, who never has a penny on the race and only wants the honour?"

"It's a damnable thing, Joyce, to pull a horse —especially the favourite."

Gad! It was Colin's voice.

"Well, if you want to see Teddy O'Hara ruined and me broken-hearted—win the race yourself!"

I could hear the stamp of a little foot, and then the brushing of a handkerchief which betokened silent tears.

"He's lost—oh, such a lot this year, and if he can bring off what he calls the Getting-Back Stakes, we can be married a month or two from now!" Joyce went on, while I, spellbound, marvelled at the lady's evident knowledge of racing terms.

There was silence for a moment.

Then I heard Colin gasp out:

"If Drum Major is the only one that stands in the way of Black Tyrone—Black Tyrone shall win, Joyce!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" She must then have moved as if to embrace him in cousinly fashion.

"Don't—don't! You can't know what makes me do this for you!" Something in his eyes must have told her.

"And yet——" she began.

"I'm going to give the steeplechase and you to Jimmy O'Hara!" he broke in.

I waited to hear no more, but stole softly along the verandah to my room. I had heard too much already.

A few minutes later he had burst into my room and began to speak.

"Don't say anything about it, Colin," I said. "I heard accidentally that Black Tyrone *must* win the steeplechase to-morrow."

"And what do you think of me now?" he asked unsteadily.

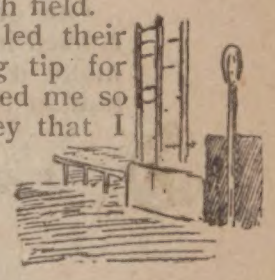
I offered him my hand.

III.

The whole party from Kilpatrick House drove to the Kilpatrick Races, and pleasant is that drive in my memory. Old Kavanagh had charge of the semi-crazy coach which bore us thither, and he exchanged many greetings and jests with the natives on the road.

Now at Kilpatrick Races the Irish make favourites of the owners rather than of the horses, and Bignold Kavanagh being such a popular character, Drum Major was soon installed a firm 2 to 1 chance in a biggish field.

The local "talent," whose heart led their heads every time, disregarded the big tip for Black Tyrone, and my conscience pricked me so when I saw them wasting their money that I



had not the pluck to have a shilling on young O'Hara's mount—the certain winner.

Never shall I forget the magnificent and stylish Joyce calling out from the stands to a local bookmaker, "What price ours?"

"Three to one to *you*, Miss Joyce!" he replied.

"I'll take thirty pounds to ten, Flanagan," she said with a nod of her pretty head. From that day I have distrusted all women with light blue eyes, dark hair, and a saintly expression. She was only playing for a big price against Black Tyrone.

The local gentry gallantly followed her lead. As the flag fell, Drum Major was a five to four *on* chance, and the Black Tyrone party had got "tens" to their money.

The race was three and a quarter miles over the stiffest country in Ireland.

When they passed the stands for the first time, half the course being completed, it was pretty evident that there were only two in the hunt—Black Tyrone and the favourite. Both were jumping faultlessly and showed no signs of tiring.

The leaders had gone into a dip in the country, and for some moments were lost to view. Now they were at the Kilpatrick Turn, which finds out the weak spots with the accuracy of the fatal Canal Turn at Aintree. I put up my glasses. Black Tyrone and the favourite were sticking together, but Drum Major seemed to lose his stride.

"The favourite's whacked!" yelled a London bookmaker characteristically. "'Ere, five to one bar Black Tyrone!"

The crowd on the stands broke into a murmur. What if poor Colin Campion had pulled his horse flagrantly in the sight of them all? I waited, praying against that guttural "Ooch!" of the Irishman, which has struck fear into many hearts on bygone battlefields.

I put my glasses down, I could not bear the sight. They were nearing the hedge and ditch which brings them into the straight.

"Down!" yelled the crowd, "Black Tyrone's down!" A few seconds later Drum Major had cleared the obstacle beautifully.

"The fav'rite wins in a walk!" shrieked the London bookmaker disgustedly. Then came the full-throated Irish roar such as burst over Aintree when the Irish-bred Eremon won, and I thankfully joined in shouting the winner home.

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Then a silence fell on the packed stands. An ambulance was slowly wheeled into the paddock.

Falling from the horse which was to win him fortune and a wife, poor Jimmy O'Hara had made a certainty of the fact that he would ride no more!

## HAIR-DRESSING.

A man does not want to be beautiful—that is the prerogative of his sisters—but he does want to have the appearance of being well-groomed, and in nothing more than in his style of dressing his hair is his general trimness apparent.

The sportsman is fond of having his hair as short as possible in order that it may be washed along with the rest of him after he has been sweating; the 'Varsity man, on the other hand—and a thorough sportsman he is in most cases—likes to have his hair long, but he sees to it that the hair at the back of his head and at the sides is trimmed frequently and carefully.

His style is his own, and though his hair is long his appearance is by no means suggestive of that of the poet.

Whether you prefer your hair long or short you will be well advised to use some sort of dressing for it. Most of the advertised hair-sprouters are effective, but, after all, the main thing needed by the man whose locks are in healthy condition, is only a little grease to give the hair a lustre and to make it lie flat.

One of the best dressings is a little cold cream rubbed in the hand with just a dash of scent to make it less sticky. If this is rubbed into the hair in the morning it will keep trim all day.

## HOW TO DISTINGUISH THEM.

One of the most interesting sights that daily take place in London is the changing of the guard at the Royal palaces, but out of the hundreds of people who witness this ceremony, how many could by a casual glance tell by what regiment the duty was being performed? I venture to think very few indeed. To those who may be interested, the following facts may be of assistance.

There are four regiments of Guards, the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots and Irish, whose uniforms on the whole are much alike, but for all that there are points of difference.

When in full dress with the busby, the Grenadiers are at once recognised by the white hackle or plume worn on the left side of their headdress, the Coldstreams by a red hackle worn on the right side, whereas the Scots Guards wear none at all, while the Irish display a green one on the right.

When walking out, a difference is at once noticed in the caps and the arrangement of the buttons on the tunics. The Grenadiers wear a scarlet band round the cap and their buttons are evenly spaced, but the Coldstreams' cap-band is white and the buttons are worn in two's, while the Scots have what is commonly known as a diced band and their buttons are in groups of three, but, so that there shall be no mistake, the Irishmen have gone one better by having their buttons arranged in sets of four and their cap-bands made of green.

With the exception of the Grenadiers, whose cap badge is a grenade, all these regiments' caps are decorated in front with a star, but of different patterns; the respective collar badges are a grenade, the star and garter, the thistle, and last, but not least, the shamrock.

The Infantry of the line, with the exception of the Scotch kilted regiments and the Highland Light Infantry, are by no means the possessors of gaudy uniforms, and differ usually only in the colour of their facings, although all Royal regiments have the distinction of wearing blue facings. On the other hand the infantryman is at once known by his shoulder strap, which bears the name of the county his regiment represents.

The sombre uniform of the Rifle Brigade and also the King's Royal Rifles—the first-named of whom have a uniform of green with black facings, while the K.R.R's wear one of green with scarlet facings—seems to be a distinction in itself; but although their uniform is dull their records are of the brightest, and, after all is said and done, whatever the difference in colour or design, they one and all wear the uniform of the great branch of the service of which we are all so justly proud.

It is only natural that recruiting should be more brisk in the cavalry regiments than in the infantry, for a young chap likes to go clashing down the street in spurs, largely because the girls like to hear them; and it must also be admitted that in the majority of cases the cavalryman's uniform is brighter and smarter than that of the foot-slogger. But, all the same, our infantry regiments hold records second to none, and that is a source of joy to every soldier in them.

Frank J. Pickett.

# EXIT THE LEGION.

## OUR LAST WORD.

Several readers have written to me inquiring my purpose in dealing so frequently with the Legion of Frontiersmen. Obviously these are not readers who have followed this paper from its commencement.

My older friends will remember that the beginning of it all was a striking attack upon the Legion of Frontiersmen by Mr. H. Gray-Reid. In accordance with my usual custom, I held myself open to receive a reply from the other side, and in due course it came from one Mr. Roger Pocock, in which he challenged my contributor to combat.

He wrote on the official paper of the Legion, and described himself as Commissioner and Founder.

He holds these distinctions, and I was therefore justified in regarding his challenge as official.

My contributor, being a sportsman, promptly accepted this challenge and it was duly laid before Mr. Pocock, who, however, did not see fit to go further with the challenge he himself had thrown out; at least he made no reply.

Personally I have no knowledge of the Legion of Frontiersmen, but it seemed to me that, if they were to be judged by the conduct of Mr. Pocock in this matter, they were not quite so valuable as a fighting force as they represent themselves to be. Therefore I allowed my contributors to level the arrows of their wit against the Legion.

The other day there came to see me Lieut.-Colonel Driscoll, D.S.O., who so gallantly led the famous Driscoll Scouts in the South African War. He also is a member of the Legion of Frontiersmen. One must judge a body of men by the individual representatives whom one encounters, and if the Legion are all like Colonel Driscoll I should say that they were thoroughly good chaps.

During a very pleasant interview, Colonel Driscoll made certain statements to me in regard to Mr. Pocock's challenge. I need not mention them as they are embodied in the letter over his signature below.

This, so far as The Modern Man is concerned, is the last of the Legion. I do not intend to refer to it again, as I believe my readers have had all they want of this particular subject.

Your Editor.

# WHAT COL. DRISCOLL SAYS.

Headquarters:
Adelphi Chambers,
7, John-Street, Strand,
London, W.C.

To the Editor of The Modern Man.

Dear Sir,—We have observed in the recent numbers of your paper several articles and uncomplimentary allusions dealing with the Legion of Frontiersmen.

Our high opinion of your excellent paper forbids our thinking that there is any malice at the back of these criticisms, and, on reviewing them from the original article of Mr. Gray-Reid down to the present time, it seems to us that your animosity towards the Legion of Frontiersmen is largely due to the challenge made by Mr. Roger Pocock and his not seeing fit to go on with it, when you accepted it. We quite admit that you were justified in resenting the inconsistency of his behaviour.

Mr. Roger Pocock made this challenge on his own authority, without any official sanction, and the Legion of Frontiersmen is not responsible for his action, neither should it suffer for his ill-considered impetuousness.

He had no authority for challenging you, and the ridicule which he has called down on himself must be borne by him alone. The challenge was not made by the Legion, and it is unfair that we should suffer for Mr. Roger Pocock's errors of judgment.

Yours faithfully,
D. P. Driscoll, Lt.-Col.,
O.C. London Command, L.F.

# Told in the Commercial Room

AN EVENING WITH THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

"Anyone here going by the North-Western 7.32 this evening, president, do you know?" asked the latest arrival at the hotel, as the commercial dinner drew to an end, and the wine was put upon the table.

The "president" for the day looked round the board and thumped with his fist for silence.

"Any gentleman going by the North-Western 7.32 this evening, another gentleman asks?"

The "vice" at the other end of the table repeated the question.

"Yes, I am," promptly said another of the company, looking towards the president, who indicated the first man by a nod.

"Travelling light? I'm in the 'rag' trade, and, if you're not carrying excess luggage yourself, I'd be obliged if you'd help me get some of mine through at the station free of the charge," said commercial Number One.

**A LUGGAGE EPISODE.**

"I am travelling light. I'll take some of your baggage. My name's Philpott. I'm in hardware."

"Thanks very much, Mr. Philpott," said Number One. "My name's Radford. Here's my best respects!"

"It's getting a bit risky, at any rate on the North-Eastern, getting through with 'excess.' I was nearly caught myself the other day," observed another man.

"I got a fellow-traveller at the inn to carry half my luggage. We got through the barrier all right, but I noticed that the guard seemed to suspect me. And at the very next station, before it, if he didn't jump into our carriage!

"'Your excess luggage ticket, please,' he says. All the luggage was on my side.

"I thought I was done, but I said: 'What are you talking about? What excess luggage?'

"'Aren't all these things yours?' says he.

**TRAVELLING FOR JEWS.**

"They were, of course, but I had to brazen it out. 'Of course they're not,' said I. 'Only these two are mine.' He looked a bit crestfallen at that, and, turning to my fellow-traveller, asked: 'Are these other things yours, sir?'

"'Yes,' he replied. And Mr. Guard beat a retreat, baffled.

"But it was a narrow shave, I can tell you, for my companion was getting out at the next station. If the guard had popped in at it or waited until farther along the line, I'd have been nabbed. As it was, he did not trouble further about me, and it being dark when I got to my destination, I was able to give him the slip."

"I heard a very good story the other day of a fellow in the same line as you, Hutton," said the vice-president.

"This chap's name was Wallis and he travelled for a big Jewish drapery firm. He was a terrific boozer, by the way, and had lost his last job through not bothering a bit about his business—preferring to play billiards all day instead of looking for orders. Well, anyhow, these Jews took him on. 'Vat ve vants is orders,' said the senior partner to him. 'You try and find dem and let ush know efery day vot you are doing.' But two days later there was no letter from Wallis, so they wrote him at the hotel where they knew he was putting up; and, sure enough, on the following morning there *was* a letter from him.

"It simply ran, 'Golden Lion, Saxminster. Shakespeare's Macbeth, Act So and So; Scene So and So; such and such a line.' I don't remember the exact number of the act or scene or line, but that was all the letter contained, and then came the signature, 'Yours truly, George F. Wallis.'

"The two partners stared at each other in amazement. 'Vat can he mean?' 'Gootness only knowsh! Haf ve a copy of Shakespeare's vorks in de office?' 'Of course not.' 'Vell, send out and beg, borrow or steal von.'

"A copy of Shakespeare's works was obtained in some way, and eagerly the partners turned over the leaves to 'Macbeth,' and then searched for the act, scene, and line given by their extraordinary new man. The line ran, 'This is a bloody business!'"

**HELPING THE OLD GIRL.**

The table duly applauded, and the waiter put his hand over his mouth.

"To vary the stories a little," said Philpott, "an old woman who kept a tobacconist's was in very low water, doing no trade at all, and she expected daily to be sold up. A certain traveller called on her and to him she told her trouble. He was a very kind-hearted man was Jim Johnson, and he was genuinely concerned.

"So he put on his considering-cap, to see how he could help the old dame. And then he asked for a couple of the largest advertising cards she had in the shop and could spare, as well as a bottle of ink and a pen. Then he writes on the two cards in a large, bold hand, that he who ran could read, 'Absolutely Selling Off! Must close on Saturday!! All Goods at Practically Cost Price!!!'

"'But—but I'm not selling off, and—and I'm not going to leave on Saturday. I want to keep the business on, if I can only manage it,' the old lady protested. 'I put everything I had into it, and I can't afford to give it up.'

**HOW IT WORKED.**

"'Who said anything about leaving, or giving up the business? I didn't,' replied Johnson. 'You *must* close on Saturday though, for the night, mustn't you? You don't keep open all night on Saturdays, do you, any more than any other night? And as for the selling off, what else do you want to do? You don't want to keep the goods, do you? You want to sell them off, I suppose, and get a fresh stock in when they're gone?'

"The old lady caught on to the wheeze," continued Philpott. "She put the cards in the window; and, when Johnson called on her next time he was that way, she had tided over her difficulties and was doing a rattling good business. She had had the good sense to tell every customer who came in all about the cards, and, as everyone likes a joke, she didn't suffer."

R. S. TAYLOR.

**BUY WHAT YOU WANT, SELL WHAT YOU DON'T**

By means of a small advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange, full particulars of which you will find on the third page of the cover.

These developers, these sporting togs, that camera that has been long unused—advertise and sell them all. If they are of no use to you, the money will be.

If you want to buy something cheaply, an advertisement will serve you equally well. The readers of that page, as of all other pages of THE MODERN MAN, are men with the same tastes as yourself.

# SOME PLAYERS' GRIEVANCES.

By WALTER BULL.
(OF TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.)

As a member of the Executive of the Players' Trade Union, I know something of the grievances of the members. Some years ago the professionals tried to start an organisation, but then as now the Football Association were not willing to give it the independence of action and freedom of contract that it desired. Then its numbers were small and it in no sense could be said to represent a majority of the paid players, but since that day things have altered and a newer and more comprehensive body has come into being, till to-day they are the body who speak for the players.

We are a trade union, affiliated to the rest of these and duly recognised by them. We ask for the recognition of the F.A. and this was given a year ago but has since been withdrawn. Why? Simply because we have appealed to the common law of the land on behalf of our members who could not get justice from the clubs.

The association which stands for our employers calmly informs us that we cannot, without their permission, appeal to the ordinary tribunals. We respectfully submit that we are acting within our rights, and for one of the very purposes for which we were called into existence. A club may have a legal claim against a player and, if they cannot afford to go to law, the F.A. on appeal will help them with money. We simply tell the F.A. that our Union cannot allow any club to sue one of its members without first obtaining our consent.

Again the players have no representation on the English F.A. or its Council. This is a glaring injustice and should long ago have been remedied. A player who is summoned before them has no chance whatever. He finds himself before a Committee of educated men with an able lawyer in the chair, but he is refused the help of anyone to present his case and most likely he has had few advantages in the way of acquiring legal knowledge; this, coupled with absolute inability to speak, places him at a tremendous disadvantage.

The result is that many injustices are done and there is no one to raise the question on the body which allows no appeal. What we must insist upon is that paid players shall have representation upon the F.A. who claim absolute control over him.

There is, of course, also freedom of contract, and either the transfer system should be abolished and an unlimited wage allowed or else players should be given an interest in the matter. They owe little or nothing to any club.

Individual ability has caused a price to be put upon their heads and has actually limited their movements. This seems to me to be a very serious thing, and before any final settlement can be reached, these matters will have to be dealt with.

It is sometimes assumed that the Players' Union have no love for the sport. All I can say is we are the first to realise that unless we play the game public interest would soon be on the wane and our living, precarious at the best of times, would be entirely gone. We have helped needy players and hope to do this on a much larger scale as we expand. We claim the right without reference to any body to secure the benefit of the Workmen's Compensation Act in case of injuries, but we exist to put down rough play and to see that the player does justly to his employers. A dirty player will get no sympathy from us, and we are determined to put it down with a strong hand.

You may ask what will be the issue of the fray. I do not know, I cannot tell. I am certain of this that, whatever course the F.A. take, our position will commend itself to all those who desire justice to be done to a worthy body of men.

We do not want to provoke a quarrel, but we are not slaves—though we are sold like prime cattle through the columns of the sporting papers.

# WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

## VII. THE TEA-SHOP.

It is a significant sign of the times we live in that the "confidence trick" was lately successfully worked on an American doctor in a London tea-shop.

Think of it! That hoary swindle, which is, or certainly was, indissolubly associated with the flash bar or public-house, the first step to the consummation of which was always a drink, successfully brought off in a tea-shop!

The point of the American doctor's adventure is that the modern tea-shop is by no means the exclusive domain of women; it is a place where men foregather—not merely boys, whose pence are few, but grown men, men of substance, who certainly do not come to the tea-shop for economy's sake, but, firstly, because the tea is good, and, next, because the tea-shop has become a rendezvous for men.

But come, let us visit the tea-shop between four and five p.m. and take a peep around.

Upstairs there are many women; mothers, wives, sweethearts, matinée girls, business girls, minor actresses, art students, women journalists, little milliners, women-workers of almost every degree.

**IN A FIX.**

And there are men too. Fathers of families, adoring swains, "unappropriated blessings," who don't care to or haven't time to smoke.

Mark that young fellow over there. He has an awfully pretty girl with him, and she is making herself as sweet as the cakes she is devouring with a modern girl's healthy and frank appetite.

Nevertheless he is clearly unhappy. When *she* isn't looking at him he wears an agonised expression, and feels furtively in his pockets.

What is the matter with him? Why, just this. Hurriedly changing his office coat and waistcoat as he rushed out to meet her, he forgot to transfer his one and only half-soverign, and here he is with a solitary shilling in his trousers' pockets, and the bill already amounts to 1s. 4d., and she clearly has designs on a pink and brown concoction.

**THE WAY OUT.**

She has it, and yet another, and then declares she must be going. He has been putting in some pretty hard thinking. He is a young man who will go far. Opposite at the same table is a stout gentleman, reading a newspaper, from over the top of which he from time to time benevolently eyes the young couple. He has had a pot of tea and two plates of crumpets—perhaps that is why he is so fat. His check, which totals 11d., lies on the table before him.

She rises, and flutters away ahead. The stout gentleman is absorbed in his paper. The young man's hand hovers for a moment over the marble-topped table, then he marches to the cashier's desk, pays a check for 11d. and hurries his girl through the swing-doors, not so fast, however, but that a fleeting backward glance gives him a vision of a now purple-faced stout gentleman making a considerable disturbance at the pay-box, and excitedly flourishing a check which is marked 1s. 8d

The young man feels a trifle guilty, but the stout gentleman is a regular frequenter of the tea-shop, and he will explain and put matters right with him on the morrow.

Let us descend to the Smoking Room, man's exclusive domain.

The first thing that strikes one about the tea-shop men is that they are well-nourished men. Not all of them; that pale, hollow-chested, hollow-templed man over there looks as if he would be all the better for a pint of sound beer and a juicy rump-steak.

Nevertheless, one of life's failures though he be, he is a man. They have cut down his salary at the office, but he hasn't told his ailing wife. When he gets home he will tell her of the fine fat chop he had for dinner, and protest that really he has no appetite—she and the kids must finish the supper, while he smokes his pipe and looks on.

Brave old liar! He spent the dinner hour in a vain search for extra book-keeping; his dinner is the roll and butter he is munching; and it is not for the first time by any means that he has been guilty of this deception.

**A MILITARY NOTE.**

On the whole, however, the atmosphere of the tea-shop Smoking Room is virile.

Clankety-clank, clankety-clank! Three stalwart youths in the light grey of the King's Westminsters stamp along to a table; they are on their way to evening drill, and if they are just a trifle conscious of their new uniforms that does not make them any the less soldiers and men.

The trim waitress gives her snowy cap an extra cock as she hurries up to take their order, and exchange good-humoured, harmless chaff—to most women there is something irresistible about a uniform, and she is not only a waitress, but a woman.

The office-boy at the next table eyes the "Terriers" with undisguised admiration. He furtively feels his biceps and mentally resolves to go in for physical culture, so that he too may one day wear a Territorial uniform across a 40-inch chest.

**WATCHING AND LEARNING.**

What, by the way, brings the office boy to the tea-shop Smoking Room? In many cases, I fear, it is the harmful, unnecessary cigarette—one doesn't need to be a prig to condemn cigarette smoking by boys; but this particular office-boy is not a wizened, pasty-faced fag-chewer. He is a bit under-sized, but that is not his fault—he was poorly nourished as a child. He makes for the Smoking Room because he likes to be among men; he likes to watch them, to study them, to note their bearing and their ways. He longs to be a manly man, and that is the first step towards becoming one.

The office-boy is not the only one who admires the "Terriers" in the corner. Old and middle-aged gentlemen glance at them approvingly, men of their own age who have so far shirked their duty to their country look up at them from their chess or dominoes half-enviously, half-curiously—perhaps there is something in this Territorial game after all—these chaps seem to enjoy life, as they laugh and chaff and chatter away.

Unconsciously, the grey-clad "Terriers" are making recruits.

**ALL KINDS OF MEN.**

Here we see men of all degrees and types, but they are mostly healthy ordinary men, and therefore interesting.

A kaleidoscopic place, the tea-shop Smoking Room. Men about town, who come there for the excellence of the tea or coffee, rub shoulders with young clerks; age meets boyhood on the stairs; foreigners come there because it is the nearest approach to the Continental café that England can show; country folk make for it because it is simple and homely; and lastly, and alas, confidence-trick men have invaded it, because it is a place where men foregather.

Peter Gilchrist.

## MY NATIVE LAND.

*The night is dark, and I am far from home.*—Newman.

When Kipling wrote his lines on "Sussex," thankful that his lot had fallen in a fair land, he was but giving expression to a sentiment that has been strong in the heart of man ever since Adam became attached to the trees and streams of Eden.

It is one of the root facts of life and human intercourse that, however long and frequently we mingle with our fellow creatures, we seldom find our way to the innermost recesses of their lives. Every man carries about with him, hidden deep below the surface, some secret. And as often as not it is the longing of the exile for home.

The shrewd, calculating, unsentimental business man behind his counter, or at his desk, or about his business in market place or street, hides under all his outward behaviour that which really moves him, that which he lives for, that which even makes him work long hours and hard. And when it is the longing for "my own, my native land," we may be sure that so long as it remains unsatisfied it hurts and sears like a burn.

History has many instances of men, in the highest positions the world of work and wealth has to offer, hankering after the homeland, the familiar scenes of happy youth, the fields, the woods, the old house and garden, and every stone that lies about its paths.

The late Lord Salisbury, hard worker and stout-hearted proud Briton if ever there was one, loved nothing so dearly as to leave behind him the harassing duties of a Prime Minister and to hide himself at Hatfield. There, dressed as a quiet country gentleman, he would roam about his lands as happily as the proverbial sandboy.

It is far easier to identify the outward symptoms of the sense of place-love than it is to define the sense itself. This it is that drives one so often to the railway station when holiday time draws near at Easter or Whitsuntide, when a few precious days' rest break the long spell of the new year's work. This it is that renders the study of a map of the home district a recreation surpassing in excitement the finest novel ever written, as we trace the familiar roads and decide upon a tramp over well-beloved hills. This call of the homeland turns London and other cities into huge centrifugal forces, at holiday times, whirling thousands upon thousands out into the remotest corners of the kingdom. A bird's-eye view of England at such times would make a strange picture. Train after train hurrying outward, each on the heels of the other, sending up pillars of cloud by day and beams of bright light by night.

No man is ever entirely free from the links that bind him to a loved homeland, and the good old song, trite and threadbare as it is, still expresses the world-wide yearning of the exile for home. And when the spell is upon him he can think of little else.

Nor does he want to.

The call of the homeland, like the call of the wild, is almost a sacred thing.

It sends the blood tingling through the veins; sometimes it brings a lump to the throat; but it is always an intense emotion and a noble one, therefore it is pleasurable and something to be nursed and cherished dearly.

To gratify the longing for home a man will sacrifice much, and he is none the poorer for the cause of it.

He will plan and save and work with redoubled energy in order to satisfy the heart hunger that increases the more as the time for return arrives—if ever it does arrive. Not until he finds himself ensconced in the railway carriage, going north, south, east or west, does he find happiness, and as he steps out at the far end of his journey he breathes a deep unworded prayer of thankfulness to all the gods there be for his deliverance from the exile's prison. And the peace of it is past understanding.

C. Easton-Gibb

# Fieldcraft and the Territorial.

### The Outstanding Need of Our New Force.

If there is one branch of knowledge that the Territorial should know and be expert in above all others, it is the art of finding his way about the territory over which he is expected to keep watch and ward.

To know the lie of the land and to be able to tell almost at a glance a great deal about the character, features, and distances of the ground in which he is operating, is as important to him as his power to shoot or ride.

In short without such fieldcraft knowledge and ability he is worse than useless, for, though he may be able to shoot and march or ride as well as the best, he is of little value unless he can take his part also in the difficult but fascinating work and art of manœuvring in the open country.

And yet, by force of circumstances, the Territorial is often at a great disadvantage in this respect. He is in many cases—perhaps in the majority of cases—a townsman, and the townsman never has found it necessary to lay his marching plans for more than a street ahead. Trams, 'buses, tubes, railways, motor-cars, directories, street names in prominent positions, railway guides, and even policemen, are all doing their best in the towns to save the individual the necessity of thinking where he is going and how best he can get there.

### Town Disadvantages.

It would be a waste of time for the city man who wished to go to Hackney or the Crystal Palace to climb to the top of the Monument and spy out the nearest way to his destination, perhaps with the aid of map and compass. No, he would get into the street and watch the 'buses or consult the railway time-tables, and when once in 'bus or train or other vehicle he would sleep or read without further anxiety, certain that in due time, barring breakdowns, he would land at Hackney or the other place. And he would be in absolute ignorance of the direction in which he had gone, of the hills he had mounted, the rivers or canals he had crossed, and of all the thousand-and-one other roads which the driver *might* have taken and so led him astray.

Put this same man on some rolling range of hills, on Salisbury Plain, or at the foot of the Chilterns, along with ten thousand fellow Territorials, and tell them to make their way by the most direct, least fatiguing, and most secluded route to some point twenty-five miles distant, and the case would bear a very different complexion.

### What Would They Do?

There would be no 'buses or trains, no police every hundred yards or so; and if they were told, further, that they were not to trust the signposts which had been destroyed or distorted by the enemy's scouts, and that they should not trust the directions given them by the inhabitants of the district—who might be spies in disguise—their case would be hopeless without the aid of someone who had an eye for the lie of the land and who could read distances at a glance and picture in his mind's eye, with such aid as a map can give, the nature of the country to be traversed, the extent and character of the obstacles to be surmounted or avoided, the most likely places where an attack might be expected, and the probable time the journey would take.

Then, indeed, the man with a sense of direction and locality and with the seeing eye of a true scout, and moreover with a knowledge of the bewildering difficulties encountered in finding a way over an unknown country, would stand a chance of quick promotion.

The art of knowing the lie of the land is a most fascinating one. It is a combination of the sense of direction, an instinct so keenly developed in many animals, with the scientific reasoning and deductions of a trained mind. And it brings a man into the very closest relation with the joys of the open air, the open country, and free Nature.

It is the easiest thing in the world to lose one's way even in daylight and on familiar ground, when once the accustomed beaten track is left; and no army or battalion can move to action in the confined spaces of the beaten track unless it wishes to court annihilation.

The range of hills twelve miles away that is known to bristle with the rifles of the enemy's sharpshooters, must be taken. From the distance the range looks like a regular, orderly, clean cut ridge of earth raised up by some vast clean-cutting machine. It may seem the simplest of things to march up to it and storm its heights, but every step the attacking force takes towards it reveals little details of irregularity.

### Unexpected Difficulties.

Thick woods suddenly spring into view around its base; rivers flow round what looked like its unprotected sides; swampy ground, where attacking men and guns would stick fast and useless, intervene between the only remaining avenue of approach.

None of these things were so much as suspected on a distant view, but woe betide the men who march to such a task unacquainted with the land they have to travel over!

It is said—with what truth or untruth it were wise not to inquire—that England's enemies know more of England's countryside than our own people. Every lane and farm and stream and village pump is said to be well known to men abroad whose business it has been to make themselves acquainted with this land. Whether this be true or not, of one thing we may be sure. When such an enemy does find his way here he will know no less than we do, possibly a little more, concerning the hills and valleys and streams of the land and the advantages they offer to an invading force.

### Acquiring the Knowledge.

With such a force as England seems likely shortly to possess, no Territorial need now remain in ignorance of his own county. It should be the special work of not a few in every district so to acquaint themselves with every inch of ground that everywhere throughout the land men should be ready to lead and direct an army through their several districts by day or night.

And how may the art of fieldcraft best be acquired?

Not from books certainly, but from practical exploration combined with an observant love of nature. The man who loves a ramble through the woods and over the hills, and loves them all because of their wildness and strength, remembers the lie of the land, and is an asset to his country.

Thousands of young men, well fitted for the task, accustomed to the open country and needing only training to complete their knowledge, are ready to the nation's hand.

It is the nation's business to see that such men are not allowed to waste their value in a ceaseless round of drill hall exercises and display parades.

P. R. Elkin.

# Rock-Climbing.

### How it may be Enjoyed in this Country.

Some excellent rock-climbing is to be obtained in our own island. No one need go to the Alps to enjoy the sport. The Peak and its neighbourhood, the Lake district in Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland afford endless opportunities for practice.

Rough woollens are the best clothes to wear, not too tight-fitting, as they assist the climber by friction against the broken rock in "chimneys," or vertical clefts, where the hand or foot can obtain but little hold; and the boots should be heavy, with thick soles and iron hobnails. An alpenstock is not of much use, and is a hindrance more than anything else. It may be carried, hitched to the belt, by the novice, however, to give him confidence in negotiating "strides"—stepping from one tower or crag to another across deep chasms.

No climber should be without a stout comrade or two and a rope. Cragsmen should be always roped together, even in attempting the most easy-looking means of ascent. There is no virtue in being foolhardy, and the most skilled cragsman may slip or find the fragment of rock he is hanging on to coming away in his grasp.

Close to Birchover are the tors of Brassington and the bluffs of Harborough. They are of dolomite—a brittle, sub-transparent mineral—the same kind of rock as the famous Dolomites in the Tyrol. Such crags are about the best for the beginner to start on, for the peculiar tiny wrinkles and jagged studs give excellent holds, and enable one to scramble up or down sheer walls.

"Grit" is coarse-grained, angular sandstone and, being very rough, is also admirably adapted for climbing purposes. This kind of rock is chiefly ascended by means of ledges and cracks, more or less vertical. The cragsman wedges one of his forearms into the crack and so works himself along.

In many places, where the rock is very difficult and not too high, it is well first to sling a rope over from the opposite side. The climber ties it round him, and then essays the ascent, while his friends hold the rope taut round the other side.

On the Wharncliffe Crags, too, one must know how to "stride," in order to pass from one isolated pinnacle to another. Here is where the alpenstock may come in handy, for you can lay it across the chasm, and get a friend to hold it tightly in place while you worm across, clinging to it.

The correct way to negotiate such strides, however, is to stand erect and drop stiffly across the chasm. The hands grasp the rock on the opposite side, and the body bridges the gulf; then you bring one leg after the other across on to a ledge just beneath.

What are the pleasures or glories of rock-climbing? Can any man fond of athletics ask?

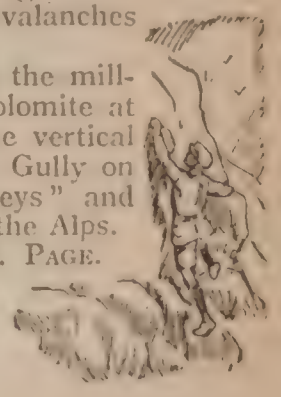
Rock-climbing is one of the most enjoyable and admirable forms of exercise. There is the pleasure of surmounting difficulties, of vying with others, or getting on to places the ordinary man deems inaccessible; it is good for lungs and heart and nerves and muscles. Fear cannot have much room in the breast of the cragsman, and the more difficult the feat the better he likes it.

The air, too, up on the heights is glorious, and when breathing it you feel every inch a man.

There is no kind of mountaineering that cannot be performed just as well round Derbyshire as in the Alps, save that the same heights are not to be looked for or dangers from avalanches and snowdrifts encountered.

You can indulge in face-climbs up the millstone grit at Wharncliffe, or up the dolomite at Brassington. On Hen Cloud is a fine vertical crack, and likewise there is the Owl Gully on Cratcliff Tor, and there are "chimneys" and slabs equal to any in Switzerland and the Alps.

R. Page.



# ONE WET NIGHT.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

"It's raining as hard as ever," said Hogshaw, squinting over the blind of the bar-parlour so as to look down the road. "You'll not have many customers along before night, Tom."

"You're right," growled the landlord. "Damn the rain, I say."

"Well, it's a great shame," observed Latimer, the only other occupant of the lonely wayside inn. "It's not often we can pay you a visit now, Tom, and when we do, this beastly rainstorm comes on to spoil our chance of doing any business."

"Cheer up, Latimer, my son! Here comes the very kind of traveller we want, I do believe."

The innkeeper and Latimer joined Hogshaw at the window. A light one-horse van was coming smartly through the torrential rain towards the inn.

"Yes, here's your man," said the landlord. "He's a van traveller, delivering goods and taking money. He's sure to have a good sum upon him so late in the day. Whether he's going to stop here or not, you two can ask him for a lift through this rain, and hold him up when you get him in a lonely part."

"You leave it to us, Tom Roden, we'll relieve him of what he's got, if we get half a chance, never you fear," grinned Latimer.

The innkeeper went to the door just as the van pulled up outside.

"What ho! She bumps," sang out the driver as he jumped down. "Nice weather this for ducks, eh, landlord?"

He was a smart, well set-up young fellow in brown leggings and mackintosh. His face was as brown as a berry and shone with the rain upon it; his eyes were a clear blue. Altogether, there was an air of freshness about him—the outcome of buoyant spirits and the healthy outdoor life he led.

The ostler came shambling out of the yard as Roden went off, and the traveller began spreading the clothes over his horse.

In another minute or two he entered the bar-parlour.

"Wretched day!"

"It is. Wish we were you, driving through it with a shelter over your head. We've got to foot it," said Latimer.

"Which way are you going? If you are going my way, gentlemen—towards Blackstock, I'll gladly give you a lift that far, when I've had my dinner."

"Thank you very much. We *are* going to Blackstock. We are travellers for sewing-machines. My name's Latimer and my friend's Hogshaw."

"Pleased to meet you. My name's Carlyn—Jim Carlyn, at your service. I travel the country in my van with tea. Landlord, whiskies round—three whiskies here!"

"Had a good day?" asked Hogshaw.

"Yes. I've taken a good few orders, and what is more to my liking, a fair amount of money."

"Humph! There seems nothing doing in our line," growled Latimer, exchanging a meaning glance with Roden as he brought in the new-arrival's dinner. "No one seems to want to buy a sewing-machine nowadays."

It was a tight fit for the three of them on the driver's seat in the van, but——

"The tighter the snugger, this weather," laughed Jim, as he arranged the rug and tarpaulin over their knees.

The rain was behind them, and they chatted gaily as they rattled along, Jim never being short of a merry jest or quip.

"I'm jolly glad I picked you two up," he said, when they had gone some distance, and the horse was walking up a steep hill.

"I'm afraid you'll be rather sorry presently," guffawed Latimer. "Hands up, Mr. Jim Carlyn, or you are a dead man!"

Carlyn started in horrified amazement, as he turned to find himself looking along the barrel of a loaded six-shooter.

"This—this is a joke, of course?" he gasped.

"Oh, is it? I should advise you to put your hands up above your head at once and offer no resistance, or this little joker may go off suddenly and hurt you. Now, George, you will relieve Mr. Carlyn of the money he told us he had taken. He'll not object very much."

"Confound you! I'll see you both damned before——"

"Oh, will you?" And the trigger of the revolver clicked, while Hogshaw swung up an ugly-looking life-preserver on his other side.

It would have been madness to resist in the circumstances. Realising that discretion was the better part of valour, though seething with rage at his helpless discomfiture, Jim suffered Hogshaw to relieve him of the satchel containing his takings, some ten pounds in all.

The pair then leapt from the van; and, while Latimer still kept him covered with the revolver, Hogshaw cut the reins. That done, with mocking guffaws, the rogues clambered over a gate and cut away at a run across a field.

Jim felt an ass and a bit of a coward as he watched them till they disappeared, and yet, he told himself, he had done only what was inevitable under the circumstances; but he was not done with them.

He got down and silently knotted the severed reins together again. He was about to spring quickly back to his seat and drive off to a farmhouse he saw in the distance, when a thought occurred to him.

"The landlord must have been in the plot," he muttered. "Now I can understand that strange look I saw pass between him and that fellow Latimer. Yes, the innkeeper was a party to this business as sure as anything. And if so, I see a way of getting even with the rogues."

He turned the horse round and drove back as well as he could to the village on the near side of the inn. There he left his horse and van at a saddler's, to have the reins mended. He had some loose silver in his trousers' pocket, which the thieves had not troubled to search, and he told the saddler what had occurred, but asked the man to hold his tongue in the matter, as he believed he knew where the rogues were to be found.

The landlord of the inn fell back in affected surprise at sight of him again and on foot.

"You didn't expect me back again, landlord," he cried gaily. "My nag cast a shoe and so I had to come back to the smith's at the foot of the hill. Give me a pint of ale. I was sorry I couldn't oblige those two sewing-machine chaps by giving them the lift as far as I had promised them. But of course it couldn't be helped, and they wouldn't come back with me. They were jolly fellows, and no error. I'd like to pick them up again. Whereabouts in Blackstock do you think I might find them?"

Roden had been cursing his confederates under his breath for a pair of fools, naturally concluding from Jim's story and lighthearted manner that they had failed to rob him.

"I don't know where you would find them in Blackstock," the villain said, with a gleam of gratified cunning in his eye as he thought the pair would hardly throw away a second chance; "but I know where you'd be sure to find them in Holmpool, and that's at Number 16, Hill-Lane. Leastways, that's where they both used to lodge."

Jim drank his ale and went back to the saddler's for his horse and van. Then he drove to Holmpool, and pulled up at a smithy. He left his horse and van there; and purchased at a gunsmith's in the High-Street a small but serviceable revolver.

Armed with this, he sought the address Roden had given him.

It was one of many similar small houses. He knocked at the door and it was opened by Latimer.

The rascal uttered a startled cry and tried to slam the door in his face, but Jim had thrust in his foot and promptly produced his revolver.

"Mr. Latimer, I want the ten pounds you stole from me."

"Don't shoot! Put that up. It may go off accidentally."

"Or intentionally. Quite so! But you will be quite safe if you hand over the money."

"You won't give me up to the police afterwards?"

"No, not if you make me a present of your revolver into the bargain as a little souvenir, so to speak."

"I oughtn't to pay you the full amount," said the thief sullenly. "Hogshaw should half," said the thief sullenly. "Hogshaw should pay you the other five. You'll find him at Number 9, Southgate-Road."

"I want the full amount from you, my friend. I'm not to be put off like that. Shell out, or you come with me to the police-station."

They were inside the door now. Without further demur, Latimer put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a quantity of loose gold. He counted out ten sovereigns upon the table beside them, and Jim Carlyn took up each coin in turn, and rang it, and otherwise tested it.

"They're all right," growled Latimer sulkily. "They're not 'smashers.'"

"Nothing like making sure, old boy, especially after one take-in. No, they are all right, although I don't suppose they've been honestly come by."

"Yes, they have. At least five of them have. Five are your own. Hogshaw has got the other five, and I mean to get them from him to make matters right."

Jim Carlyn smiled.

"You are quite welcome to do so, if you can manage it," he said. "Ta-ta! I shan't trouble you for the revolver. You can take it round and hold up your mate with it. By-bye!"

The visitor took his departure, and at once turned his steps in the direction of Southgate-Road. He knocked at the door of Number 9.

"Yus, 'e's upstairs. First floor back," grinned the small boy who answered his knock.

Hogshaw opened his door as Carlyn ascended the stairs.

"Thunder! You!" And he made to bolt back.

"Steady on, Mr. Hogshaw. I have a six-shooter here and it will pay you to do business with me instead of the police. I want my ten pounds back."

"I—I will pay you. It—it was all a joke, I assure you. Come inside! We meant to let you have your money back again, you know. We only took it for a lark."

"Well, the laugh is on my side now, and I want my money back right away. Shell out the ten pounds, before I tell one of the people in the house to fetch a policeman."

"Swear you won't give me up if I do? Honour bright?"

"Pay me back my ten pounds, and I will let you go."

Hogshaw counted out ten pounds in gold and silver. Carlyn again made sure the coins were not spurious, pocketed the full amount, and took his leave—richer by ten pounds than he would have been if he had never clapped eyes on Messrs. Latimer and Hogshaw.

# WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

*[Mr. Wood absolutely refuses to fill in the features of his victims, or to indicate their identity in his accompanying article.*—ED.]

## MY FOURTH VICTIM.

He entered the little room and filled it—all but the corner that contained me.

Over two sofas, one chair, and a seal skin he engineered an unholy length of arm terminating in a hand like a half-acre of land—and we shook.

Then I awaited developments.

They came in the form of a gentle knock.

The MAN—or rather sections of him—turned, and a low muttered conversation ensued—parts of the MAN being in the room, and parts down the corridor.

"Come," said he, "and see the heads off!"

Although this sounded like a summons to an old world execution, I followed mutely, awed by the MAN'S size.

His trail led me to a larger room—where an anæmic youth with lank hair appeared to be waltzing with the inverted head of a Mastodon.

The horns were wide—very wide—and the doorway was very narrow and the room was not adapted for this particular sort of dance.

The glass eyes of the upside down animal's head gazed placidly and untroubled at the wreckage its horns were doing to its partner's trousers.

I timidly inquired the cause of this barbaric ceremony.

"Oh!" said the MAN, "he"—referring to the now nearly exhausted youth—"is taking that head to a Big Game Exhibition."

Judging from appearances, I doubted his statement.

Then the MAN mentioned the number of points on the antlers, some of which at that moment fell against the fleshy part of the youth's left leg, and were received with mature profanity.

But at last, with really only very small portions of the door being torn off, the head with the brave youth still hanging to it got to the lift—and what is more wonderful, got into it, accompanied by faint, compressed language, the idiotic glass eyes still placid and undimmed. The lift man, with that superior hauteur of his particular caste, slung the door to—and buried my face in my pipe and dared look no more.

The soft pad-pad of the MAN'S moccassined feet recalled me.

"Now," said he, "about those strokes!"

He grabbed a few bats and a handful of balls and went up twelve stairs time into the Unknown.

I followed, musing on life insurance.

"Now you are the man from the bowler's point of view!"

Though I say it, mindful of the fact that I may be termed vainglorious, faced the MAN with open eyes, produced my sketch-book and then—shut both eyes and turned up my coat collar!

He bowled with one hand and batted with two, and the room was only twelve feet long.

I am too young to have ridden at Balaclava, but I fully appreciate the feelings of the noble Six Hundred must have had—with one exception. When the cannon balls were to right of them and left of them and behind them, they were not in front of them at the same time.

With me it was different. They were everywhere!

But I only remarked limply: "I see. I think I shall quite remember those particular strokes"—which was solid Gospel truth, and we left the torture chamber and spoke of brigands.

"Couldn't you," said the MAN, gazing like an elongated blond saint at the smoke ring that hung an uncertain nimbus o'er his head, "couldn't you go to Malaga, and get captured by brigands? It'd put pounds into my pocket!"

Then flashed upon me a mental picture of "held to ransom by a brigand chief," and the wire to the magazine office:

"Have your artist. Will chop toes off, beginning left foot, unless your value of him received per return. "Don O.K."

And the reply:

"Go ahead. Start in if you like on his left toes and take the lot. We don't want them. Toes at a discount with artists anyhow. Wiring you English money five shillings. Our full valuation for artist mentioned. It's a cheap one and can only draw with one hand. Post him on receipt of this or forward him as an empty. Will be pleased to run you as a serial, but do *not* pay for interviews."

So through the tobacco haze I said: "No. Your Castle in Spain won't be supplied this quarter by yours truly."

"Well, well," said he, shrivelling up a stuffed wolf with his stoney glare. "If you won't be captured by brigands will you fight a fourteen-stone half-breed at Klondyke for my sake? Do think of *my* reputation."

"If every phase of that fight," said I, "could be a double page——"

"Oh, go to Hayti!" he yelled, leaping into a Jessop attitude.

I went.

Not to Hayti, where, as the MAN has told us, black and white rules colour, but into the cool and sloppy midnight London streets, there to reflect on how a young author, dealing in brigands and cricket, could keep his head sufficiently to acquire those of big game, and could shoot straight enough to catch the head of the wicked wicket and the heart of the wicked public and yet keep any signs of swelling from his own especial cranium.

STANLEY L. WOOD.

*Anyone guessing who is represented by this cartoon, should write to Mr. Hesketh Pritchard, the talented author of "Don Q." He might, or he might not, be glad to know he is discovered.*

## THE MILLER.

### A SKETCH.

The mill he owns and works would make the heart of an artist rejoice, and he himself accords with his surroundings perfectly.

The little river, once clear of the village bridge, wanders out through woods and fields where few ever care to follow it, but round the foot of a gentle hill stands the isolated cottage, reached only by a half-made track leading from the far off highway, down which there seldom passes any but the corn-laden wagons or the returning sacks by cartloads, bulging with the meal and flour ground out by day and night in this remote and peaceful spot.

The tumbling flood pours its incessant music in at the cottage windows; the mossy, ponderous wheel goes thundering and thudding round at his behest, splashing the mill-race waters round about its dank dark chamber; the little house trembles and vibrates with the wheel; swift waters seem to sweep along in dark mysterious channels underground; and through it all the miller moves with confidence, for he is born to it.

The upper and the nether millstones crush and grind the grain to coarse or fine returns according to his will; to and fro he passes to the pouring shafts, feeling the texture of the fresh ground meal, thoughtfully passing it between his thumb and fingers; carefully he adjusts the wide-mouthed sacks to catch the smallest stream of finished meal.

When work is plentiful and farmers pressing, the miller knows but little rest by day or night. A dim and flour-shaded lamp hangs on the whitened wall, casting a faint glimmer through the place at night, and giving to the mill the likeness of some cave of mystery, throwing deep shadows on the walls, and giving to the beams and shafts a weird and ogreish look.

The miller is something of a mystery to the villagers. He seldom mixes with them in their evening's informal parliaments in the parlour of the inn. Indeed his visits to the village are but few and far between, and when they do occur he seldom tarries longer than to do the weekly shopping when the wrinkled dame, his mother, who keeps his tiny house, is doubled up with "the rheumatics."

And so they speak of him not always kindly, as of one "stuck up."

Sometimes they credit him with what to them is wealth, and speak of gold stored somewhere in the dark recesses of his mill.

The village girls hardly know what to make of him, between their unconscious leaning towards a young and well-provided bachelor and their superstitious fears born of their elders' speculations on his silent and secluded life.

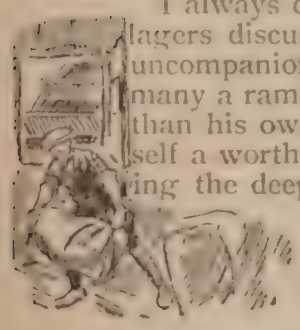
And yet, in truth, the miller is the very mildest man. His father ran the place before him, and from childhood he grew up accustomed to a silent life where all around was so much sound of mechanical activity, and speech was difficult.

Knowing him for many years, through a love of angling in the frothy waters of his lock pool, I have proved his sterling worth and frankness. Many a quiet summer evening we have sat about the river banks and smoked in silence, finding a common interest in the undisturbed enjoyment of watching the river's hosts of living creatures.

Though he seldom spoke of his own life or his ambitions I gathered that he knew the road he meant to take when "the old mother leaves me." He had his eye upon a girl, but he was in no hurry. Like many a silent, patient man he knew his mind, and whether his bent and wrinkled mother left him to-morrow or in ten years' time 'twas all the same to him.

I always chuckled to myself whenever the villagers discussed this self-contained and solitary, uncompanionable man, for well I recollected many a ramble he and I had taken farther afield than his own village, when he had proved himself a worthy trencherman and capable of draining the deepest tankard.

Sidney Mayer.



# MY NOTEBOOK.

**ANOTHER EPISODE.**

About four miles from the village where I live—or at least where I spend my nights—there is an ancient hostelry which rather appeals to my fancy.

Outside the door is an old-fashioned mounting-block, one of those stone step affairs against which the travellers of bygone days set their horses and from which they vaulted, or, to put it more truly and bluntly, stepped on their backs.

I have never used this contrivance, but its existence appeals to me. The hotel boasts also a motor garage, but the old mounting block redeems even that.

This is not the only thing about this particular house-of-call that warrants notice; the landlord's old ale is also worthy of the attention of the passer-by, and many a time I have pulled up outside his establishment to have a glass of it.

**SOME YOUNG MEN.**

On each of these occasions I have seen in the saloon bar three or four young men for whom I do not entertain very much respect. It's all very well for a man to drop into a bar to have a drink, but, in my humble opinion, he is more than a bit of a rotter if he spends his whole evening there.

As in most country hotels, the people you meet here are habitués. Judging from appearances, I should say that these particular Hebe-captivators go to London daily—like myself—to earn their livings. Of course I don't think any the worse of them for that, but I don't like them very much, because they swank.

The landlord has a couple of pretty but foolish daughters. They are dull girls, and they know it, and they are rather fond of tittering with the young men when a stranger happens to enter the bar, so that they may make him feel uneasy.

I have listened to the tittering once or twice, but it has not vexed me, because I understand these things and make allowances; but the other evening I fell foul of the young men.

**TROUBLE.**

It happened thus. I was riding past the inn one evening when it seemed to me that a glass of old ale would do me good; so I dismounted, hitched my horse to the old bridle hook which is still fixed beside the door, and went in.

The usual barmaid-mashers were there, and one of them was lecturing the others and the girls upon the downfall of England.

He is a German—not that I dislike him because of his nationality, but he is not a very creditable specimen for any country to produce. He has a very small forehead, very big eyes, like a bird, and he parts his hair in the middle.

As I drank my refreshment he looked at me and said very pointedly:

"Just what I told you! You English spend your time walking about in sporting clothes though you can't ride. In our country we spend our time in drill."

I suppose he hadn't heard me ride up, because the ground was a bit soft with the rain and my horse's feet didn't make any noise to speak of; anyhow I didn't mind his suggestion that I couldn't ride, because it was silly and untrue. As for spending my time in other ways than drilling, I do my fair share of it too, but of course he didn't know that.

I took no notice, and I suppose he thought I was impressed.

"You English," he said, "are pigs, thieving pigs."—His companions didn't seem to like it much, but they made no protest; I suppose he was standing them drinks.—"Here," he went on, this time pointing at me, "is a typical Englishman, and I have insulted him and he is afraid of me."

I didn't like him and I was rather glad of the opening. I should have come under his designation of pig if I had had the matter out in the hotel lounge, for the girls were still there; so I invited him to step outside.

**A GERMAN DEFEAT.**

He wasn't drunk, so I don't think I was acting unfairly, but I believe that he appreciated the fact that the ground was nice and soft to fall on. It must have been a merry little spectacle to watch, but I was too busy at the time to remember much about the details. When I got on my horse, somebody was giving him brandy.

I wish I could feel as sure that our trouble with Germany—if ever it comes—would be settled as easily.

**CONVENTIONALITY.**

I have already given you some insight into my past life. I hope it has not been what the hero of a certain musical comedy would have described as a fearful past. I have shown you something of what I might call my early training, and I hope to deal with it more fully at some future date, because I imagine there is an element of interest in it.

It is sufficient here to say that during my years in London, I have made the acquaintance of very many journalists of the new school, men employed by the great journalistic trusts—very systematic, most methodical, and wholly without the faintest reflection of a spark of originality.

In the journalistic profession we once had men who were unconventional; sometimes they were brilliant, but always they were interesting; now the average editor of the publications issued by the trusts is a glorified office boy, who is neither brilliant nor interesting, and who is most assuredly conventional. He is a specimen of a sordid modern type, and I am rather glad that I am not one of him.

My unconventionality in dealing with [illegible] as I have done, in departing from stereotyped methods and in producing a paper on fresh lines, may or may not be something to my credit. I can only say that I am happy in its possession, and that, if success demands conventionality, I would rather do without success.

**AN APOLOGY.**

I desire to apologise to [illegible] readers who have been good enough to write to me, but whose letters so far I have been unable to answer. I do not know what I have been saying in "My Notebook" to induce my friends to write to me in such numbers, but the fact remains that for the past three or four weeks I have been inundated with letters.

Not that I object in the slightest degree—very far from it. It is my keenest delight to read these messages of goodwill from my unknown friends. My only regret is that I have not been able to reply to many of them as promptly as I should like to do.

One way out of the difficulty suggests itself; it is the one commonly adopted in editorial offices—namely, to hand over the letters to be dealt with by an assistant. That I will not consent to do. As I have already said, I regard my readers' letters as personal and private, and I will not have them read by any other eyes than my own.

I have met the trouble in a manner which will, I think, be more satisfactory to all parties. I have engaged an additional shorthand writer, by whose assistance I hope to tackle not only the arrears of letters in hand, but also all that may reach me in the future.

Meantime I ask the forbearance of those readers who may think that their letters have been neglected. I can assure them that they will one and all receive a reply in due course.

To be swamped by hundreds of messages of goodwill is the highest compliment my readers could have paid me, and I can assure them that the kindly feeling is most heartily reciprocated.

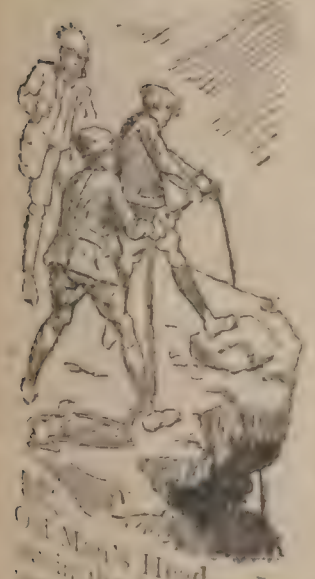
Your Editor.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# The Osprey's Eggs

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GERRARD HOPE.



"Mr. Spearing, ye've orfen expressed a wish to procure for yourself an osprey's nest. Well, I can put ye in the way of it."

The three young men halted and turned again at the old wildfowler's words.

"Can you, Tolcher?" exclaimed Tom Spearing excitedly. "You have discovered one round here?"

"Ay, sir. It be aboot fifty feet down [illegible] Head. I seed the birds when I was [illegible] the boat with young squire yester afternoon, and he potted 'em both."

"I'd like to have a try for the eggs, Tolcher. I want to go down the cliff myself for them."

"All right, sir! I'll meet you on the top of [illegible] Man's Head at daybreak to-morrow, if you like. I'll bring my brother Jim with me, and the ropes."

"Right you are, Tolcher! I'll be there. You will come, won't you, and see me make the descent?"

"We will."

Blanchard and West were as excited as he was [illegible] projected descent of the headland, and [illegible] the rest of their walk the three young [illegible] talked of nothing else. Parting with Spearing at his gate, the other two had not gone a dozen yards when West chuckled and said:

"I was thinking, Blanchard, we might have a joke with Spearing to-morrow?"

"How do you mean—by going down overnight [illegible] the eggs?"

"No, by getting Tolcher to blow them and replace them in the nest, as a little 'sell'."

"By Jove, it would be a rare sell. Steady on! I've a better idea, or rather an improvement on yours. Joe Tolcher has four osprey's eggs at home. You remember he offered to sell them to Spearing, but Tom wouldn't buy them—said he preferred to procure all his collection himself. We'll bribe Joe to go down to-night and change the eggs in the nest for his, which we might [illegible] to fill with milk. The milk will make them the right weight, and so Spearing will not be likely to tumble to our little joke, and when [illegible] bring them up in the morning, we'll offer to blow them for him; and you can just imagine his bewilderment, when we drink off the contents and smack our lips afterwards."

"Rare! Prime! The very thing! Come on, we'll go to old Tolcher's straightway. If his brother Jim, who has some osprey's eggs [illegible] won't join in the conspiracy, we can go to Joe Tolcher, however, loved a joke as well as any man and saw no treachery to Spearing in helping Blanchard and West to carry out their little plot. When it was explained to him, the old fowler threw himself back in his chair and roared till the rafters rang again and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I don't moind helpin' ye, young ge'mmen. It won't do Mr. Spearing no harm, and I'd just like to see his face when you two swigs off the milk in the eggs, astead o' blowin' oot the rotten stuff as ought to be in 'em. I'll bring my eggs and fill 'em wi' the milk, and then we'll [illegible] and make the exchange."

The eggs were brought and, when the insides had been rinsed clean, they were filled with fresh milk, and the tiny hole by which this was admitted artfully hidden by a little of the old man's special egg-cement.

All being ready, the three conspirators set out for the headland. There was a full moon, and Tolcher was pleased to think he would have its light for his descent.

Little time was lost when the promontory was reached. Tolcher drove a couple of strong iron stakes into the ground immediately over the spot where he calculated the nest lay. It was invisible from the clifftop, owing to the formation of the face of the precipice.

A long rope was attached to each stake, and one rope was firmly tied round the old fowler's waist, while the other was tossed over the cliff to serve as a "guy" or guide rope.

"I'd better shorten the suspension rope, young ge'mmen; it's too long," said Tolcher; and he did so by looping it up in the middle, securing the bight by means of a peculiar knot.

With his milk-filled eggs in a bag over his shoulder, he then stepped to the verge of the precipice, and, taking hold of the guy-rope to steady his descent, slid gently backwards over the steeply sloping bank. Blanchard and West paid out the suspension rope carefully, and lowered him gradually down the face of the rock, which went down sheer, two hundred feet, to the sea.

In the bright moonlight, Tolcher soon espied the nest on a small ledge. But as the cliff over his head projected considerably beyond the rock before him, the cragsman had to swing himself towards the shelf.

Working his body backward and forward, he soon got up the necessary oscillation. Then pulling the guy-rope twice as a signal to the pair above to stop lowering, he reached out, as he swung again up to the rock, and clutched the ledge. He drew himself on to the rugged bulging face of the precipice just beneath, and, clinging to the ledge with one hand, signalled to be drawn up a little. In another minute he was able to look into the nest.

It contained just as many eggs as he had brought—all four nearly a buffy white with large reddish and brown markings.

Taking his dummy eggs out of his bag, he laid them alongside the nest, and was about to put the other four into the bag, when a sudden, unaccountable slackening of the rope caused him to slip backwards.

He promptly dropped the eggs into the nest again, and clutched at the rock with that hand also. The tiny projection he grasped broke away in his fingers, and he fell from the face of the cliff.

Merciful Powers! Had the rope broken?

Down he went plunging through space like a stone. The sea seemed to rush up towards him.

It was all over with him, he thought.

And then, with a sudden violent jerk, his drop was arrested. He swung wildly to and fro like a gigantic pendulum, about fifty feet lower down.

The rope had not broken. He was still suspended at the end of it.

He looked up and realised what had happened. The knot of the loop had come loose while he was at the ledge and had dropped him its length.

He anxiously surveyed what he could see of the rope—the length that hung between him and the lip of rock that cut the sky above him.

"Thank God! it's all right as far as I can see," he muttered. "The jerk does not seem to have chafed it at all."

Grasping the rope with both hands, Tolcher tugged gently upon it, and was hauled up carefully by Blanchard and West. Presently he was able to grasp the guy-rope again as he swung close; and then, drawing level with the osprey's nest again, he signalled once more for the pair overhead to stop hauling.

He swung himself safely on to the ledge a second time, hurriedly snatched up the four eggs beside the nest and gave the signal to be drawn up.

With the peep of day, Spearing and his two chums met Joe and Jim Tolcher on the summit of the headland as agreed; and the rope being tied round Tom's middle, he was lowered over the cliff the same as the old wildfowler the night before.

It was a novel and decidedly thrilling sensation as he swayed and swung slowly down the frowning, splintered wall of rock—dangling like a spider at the end of a thread.

Stories he had read of the rope being cut above the cragsman by friction against some sharp edge of the cliff rose up unpleasantly in his mind. He hastily dismissed such thoughts, and looked down resolutely at the thundering, hungry seas beneath.

"If the rope were to snap, nothing on earth could save me," he murmured.

With a shudder he stared at the adamantine walls before him, and then, recovering his nerve, began to look about in quest of the nest.

"Ah! There it is. What beauties! Four of them, too. Hurrah!"

He was provided with a long hooked stick—Joe Tolcher's thoughtful idea—and with it he hooked on to a projection in the cliff-face and drew himself on to the ledge. Picking up nest and all, he slipped them into his bag, then signalled to be drawn up.

As his head rose above the summit, Blanchard and West advanced to help him up, with faces they could with difficulty keep straight and the light of anticipatory fun dancing in their eyes.

"You got them all right, old man?"

"Yes, I brought nest and all," panted Spearing.

He grasped their outstretched hands, and, with a lusty tug, they yanked him over the edge, and would have hauled him on his face to where the Tolchers stood, only he shouted:

"Let go, you ninnie—let go! Do you want to break the eggs?"

They laughingly released him and he struggled up, brushing the earth and grass off his clothes. West stepped up beside him, and, diving a hand into the bag, drew out one of the eggs.

"Here you are, Blanchard," he cried. "You blow this, and I'll blow another."

The two conspirators took pins from their coat-lapels and proceeded to prick holes in the ends of the eggs.

"Here's your health, Spearing, old boy," laughed Blanchard.

"Whatever are——"

Spearing did not finish the sentence in sheer astonishment as the pair put the pricked eggs to their mouths and laughingly sucked in the contents.

But the laughing expression died away on their faces, changed to one of blank horror and unutterable disgust, and the next moment they were both spluttering, choking and coughing, while an effluvium sufficient to knock a man down diffused itself with increasing strength abroad on the morning air.

"Good Lord, I'm poisoned!" groaned West. "I'm sure half the awful stuff has gone down my throat."

He began vigorously expectorating right and left, and Blanchard did the same, gasping between whiles:

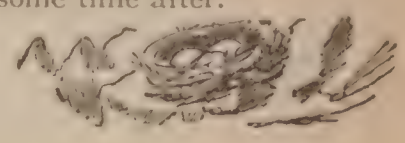
"Tolcher, you scoundrel, you didn't change the eggs."

"I can't have done, I suppose," said the old fowler. "It mun ha' bin the shock of the drop I was given. I mun have mistook the two lots of eggs, and brought away the dummies I took down. Ho! Ho! Ho! It's a' case of the biters bit, if you likes. Ho! Ho! It's just too good—too good!"

"You two young ge'mmen have bin properly served, and with your own sauce," grinned Jim Tolcher, joining in his brother's laughter. "Yo' canno' call it milk anyhow. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Spearing was gazing from one to the other of them in bewilderment. With the tears coursing down their cheeks, the two Tolchers told him of the plot, and his laughter was speedily added to theirs.

Neither Blanchard nor West cared to hear osprey's eggs mentioned for some time after.



# Business is Business

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

## SHALL I PROSECUTE?

There can be few business men who have not at one time or another suffered at the hands of a dishonest employee; few, indeed, who have not realised the extreme unpleasantness and worry consequent upon the discovery of a case of even petty pilfering among those who make up the great army of employees.

There is possibly one other unpleasant experience that the employer has to face, which is even more distressing, and that is the case where, while he knows that dishonesty is afoot in his business, he is unable to put his finger on the weak spot. In such a case as this the morale of any office is severely strained, since the inevitable feeling of suspicion must fall on just and unjust alike.

But in the case where the culprit is known, be the crime great or small, it by no means follows that the right way out of the trouble is at once made clear. A variety of influences are at once brought into play, making a decision almost an impossibility, and perplexing the employer almost beyond endurance. Some of these influences tend to sway the employer towards leniency to and even reinstatement of, the offender.

Others indicate that the aid of the law should be invoked without delay; while yet others lead, quite naturally, to a desire to close the whole unhappy affair as quietly as possible and to wipe out all record of its occurrence from the annals of the house in which it happened.

Any employer brought face to face with such a case is indeed in a most unenviable position, having much responsibility suddenly imposed upon him where many different courses are open, and where it is hard to take the just and the merciful way out. To the question: "shall I prosecute?" there is not, in the majority of cases, merely an alternative "yes" or "no."

Asking himself the question in an anxious endeavour to come to a decision which shall give due weight to all the varied aspects of the case, the business man finds that he has a threefold duty to perform.

There is firstly his duty to himself. It is not surprising if he regards the matter, as it concerns himself, from a pecuniary point of view. He may have lost money through the dishonesty of his servant, and he realises that if he proceeds to set the law in motion he will inevitably lose more money and much time over a worthless pursuit.

He has no desire to waste any more of either. Why not send the offender about his business, and have done with him? This way, he argues, means the least possible disturbance to the rest of his employees, and it is the cheapest; and, lastly, it may be a lesson to the delinquent.

No sooner has he reached this decision than there arises in his mind a serious doubt as to whether he is doing his duty to his fellow-employers in thus throwing upon the market an employee who has deceived him, and who may deceive others to a more serious extent if opportunity occurs.

Decidedly, he has no such right. For the sake of commercial morality and the welfare of business in general he must make sure that every dishonest employee shall be prevented as far as possible from continuing his life of deception at the expense of honest business men.

In this state of mind he somewhat reluctantly comes to the conclusion that his proper course is to set the law in motion, and to see that the offender pays the penalty of his misdeeds, cost what it may in time, money, or sentiment.

His decision is a patriotic and an unselfish one, and were there no other influences at work to give bias to his judgment, he would in all probability let things take their normal course—warrant, arrest, police-court, sessions, and so on—right through to the end, not from a mean wish for vengeance, but from a sense of duty to the whole commercial world.

He knows how deeply dreaded is the presence in any office of a dishonest employee.

Yet once again, however, his action is delayed by another, and a third influence which must be reckoned with if injustice is to be avoided. He cannot help looking at the matter lastly from the point of view of the offender. It is all very well to argue that the employee has betrayed his trust and abused the confidence placed in him, and that he has unlawfully profited at the employer's expense, and therefore that he should be prosecuted with the "utmost rigour of the law."

But the criminal may have something in his favour in mitigation of his offence.

The particular crime may, to begin with, be a minor one. This alone, however, makes no valid excuse for passing it over, for the employer knows that the servant who will be unfaithful in little will be unfaithful in much later on.

But the just employer shrinks from pressing the case into the police court because he may know that an innocent wife and helpless children would inevitably be involved in the disaster which would follow exposure. Long, and hitherto faithful service, too, may tend to make him lenient, to say nothing of the pleadings of the offender to be given another chance to show his gratitude and repentance in the future by good work.

Thus the further these troublesome cases are considered the more hopeless does it seem that there is a just way out. Something has always to be done in such cases, but what that something should be seems almost beyond human justice to decree, since no course is free from the possibility of undeserved hardship either to the employer, to the public, or to the offender and those dependent upon him.

Only by the collection of evidence, and by knowing the decisions arrived at by other employers upon such evidence, can any help be given to employers in what is undoubtedly one of the most unpleasant and most serious of their many occasional trials.

### TYPEWRITING SPEEDS.

The average applicant for a post as shorthand-typist professes a typewriting speed of 60 words a minute. When he engages him, however, his employer discovers that his actual speed is somewhere between 20 and 30 words a minute, and possibly demands an explanation.

This is summed up in the one sentence: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." This sentence is an excellent one for beginners on the typewriter to practise, for it contains practically every letter in the alphabet, but the accomplishment of writing it quickly cannot be of any particular use in commercial life.

The indignant typist will, however, explain that his speed was carefully tested, and that this was the sentence which he wrote over and over again for a period of ten minutes at the average speed stated in his letter.

Such a test is sheer folly, and this sentence should be rigorously banished by all examining authorities. The one sure way of finding a typist's speed is to test him practically, selecting an extract from a daily newspaper for preference.

### MEMORY.

What success I have attained is, I [illegible] due in a large measure to a highly re[illegible] memory. I have always been able to [illegible] things that do not matter, and also, perhaps [illegible] sequently, to keep in my mind the things [illegible] do.

I am well aware, however, that my own case is rather exceptional, for letters which the Editor sends to me from readers, in very many instances request me to furnish them with [illegible] method of improving the power of [illegible] facts.

There are several ways in which the memory can be trained. The learning by heart of pieces of poetry is a good plan, and the endeavour to recall in the evening what one has said during the day is another.

The only fault of these methods is [illegible] are a little haphazard and not quite [illegible] To obtain the best results it would be [illegible] for a student to make a deep study [illegible] ment science, psychology and physiology, but [illegible] tunately he has seldom the time for this. I should strongly advise all those who are the unhappy possessors of weak memories to adopt the Pelman system. I recommend this confidently, for I have a personal knowledge of several cases where the memory has been wonderfully strengthened by this method; and a good memory is well worth acquiring, for it is a distinct asset in business.

### TAKE IT FOR A FACT.

No other possession is quite so useful to a man as tact. It will carry him through life serene and unruffled, while those who have it not are wondering what it was that hit them.

To put tact to the fullest use, temper it with a healthy selfishness. The essence of tact is unselfishness; using it you treat a person as he wants to be treated; that's all right for the person, but it might be a bit rough on you.

Therefore you set a limit. You employ tact just as long as it doesn't necessitate your giving up anything that matters.

Nobody knows more about tact than a successful old commercial. He humours his prospective buyer in everything—except as to the [illegible] which the buyer wants deducted from the [illegible] per yard. And in the end the commercial [illegible]

The buyer gets the impression that the traveller has been pleasing him in everything, and in the end he gives an order with a [illegible] that he has met his views in regard to the [illegible] also—but he hasn't.

That's where the saving limit of [illegible] comes in.

### MATCHLESS PITCHES.

There is in London an extensive gutter commerce, carried on by men who pay no rates or taxes, and whose success is much resented by neighbouring shop-keepers. These are the pitch-holders.

One of them confessed to the writer that he made over £12 a week selling papers; he had a stall in an alley way which formed a short cut between two busy thoroughfares, and at certain times, especially when the "winners" began to come out, his trade became so brisk that he was obliged to engage a couple of youngsters to help him, as he could not hand the papers out quickly enough.

He might have been one of our lesser millionaires by this time, but he turned bookmaker on the sly, and the police bundled him off and cleared that pitch.

There are several such pitches, though that was one of the best. Some are at the entrance to railway stations; some are against the walls of banks and public offices.

There the pitch-holder hooks up a light [illegible] holding an assortment of papers, and he does better trade than many a newsagent who pays heavy rent for a shop. In fact if it were not for these enterprising merchants, the Fleet Street part of London would be practically without papers, for there is scarcely a newsagent's shop in the district.

# Court-martialled!

THE ORDEAL MOST DREADED BY THE SOLDIER.

Court-martials are four in number and kind, namely, general, district, regimental, and field-general—courts-martial is, no doubt, the correct plural, but the other is justified by custom.

A general court-martial which in England must consist of at least nine members—five are sufficient abroad—can sentence a prisoner to death, penal servitude not exceeding five years, or imprisonment with or without hard labour up to two years.

It can also sentence an officer to be cashiered or dismissed, a soldier to be discharged with ignominy, or a non-commissioned officer to be reduced from one grade to another or to the ranks.

Further, it can order an offender to forfeit any decorations, medals, rewards, pension or gratuities to which he may be entitled, with the exception of the V.C. and the annuity attaching to it, of which the holder can only be deprived by direct order of the Sovereign.

Finally, a G.C.M., as it is known, is the only court that can try an officer.

**A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.**

A district court-martial, or D.C.M., can award imprisonment up to two years, discharge with ignominy (except to a Warrant Officer, whom it can only sentence to dismissal), reduction in rank, fines, stoppages, and forfeitures.

A regimental court-martial, or R.C.M., can only give forty-two days' imprisonment at the most, and cannot try a Warrant Officer.

A field-general court-martial can only be convened on active service, when it is impracticable or against the interests of the Service to try the offender by an ordinary court. It has the same, and even greater powers than a general court-martial, for if necessary it can dispense with all the restrictions that hedge about an ordinary trial. It corresponds, in fact, to the old drum-head court-martial by which an offender was tried, sentenced, and shot out of hand.

A court-martial is usually a very dull affair, for in nine cases out of ten there is not the slightest doubt as to the accused's guilt, and it is simply a matter of routine.

When a prisoner pleads "guilty" it is the President's duty to see that he fully understands the effect of his plea, and that he really means it, "Yes, sir, guilty, but I didn't mean to say, "Yes, sir, guilty, but I didn't mean to enter a plea of "Not Guilty."

**THE VERDICT.**

Evidence taking and so on over, the court, which like civil courts is an open court, is closed while the members consider their verdict, the prisoner being marched out.

The members vote in order, beginning with the junior member, so that he should not be unduly influenced by the opinions of his superiors. The President also votes, and on all questions except the finding, he has a second or casting vote. If the court is evenly divided on the finding a verdict of acquittal must be entered, but as the members are usually nine, five, or three in number, this seldom happens.

A verdict of acquittal is announced at once, but if the finding is guilty it is not disclosed, though the prisoner knows his doom from the very silence. Having taken evidence as to the prisoner's character and circumstances, the court closes again to consider its sentence.

As before, the junior member votes first, and sometimes a young and ignorant officer will vote for an illegal or absurd sentence, when of course he is asked to reconsider his decision.

It is told of a harum-scarum young officer that asked for his vote on the sentence he replied "Death." The President pointed out that the court — a district one — had no power to order such a punishment, and asked him to vote again.

"Oh, certainly," he said airily, "anything to oblige. Ten days C.B." As a matter of fact, this again was an illegal sentence, as confinement to barracks is a "minor punishment," not awarded by court-martials.

On the whole, Tommy, when he is a "bad boy" gets a very fair trial, and he is safeguarded by the fact that no finding or sentence of any court-martial is valid until it has been confirmed by superior authority.

The injustice which sensational writers are fond of talking about, and on which many a melodrama has been based, simply does not exist in actual fact.

"CHINSTRAP."

## THE REPORTER'S JOB.

BY A NEWSPAPER MAN.

"You've got a nice easy billet," is a remark constantly made to me. "You attend football matches and theatres while other chaps are working. Lucky dog!"

It wouldn't matter much if such statements were mere verbal froth, but they are verily believed in many quarters, and the belief draws scores of promising young fellows into a profession where they will meet with little but hardship. Theatre-going may be pleasant when you attend voluntarily; I can assure you it is another matter when you go as part of your daily work. The glamour soon wears off, and while you sit in your stall you think enviously of other young men who are walking out their best girls at that identical moment.

That is one great disadvantage. The reporter never has any fixed time of leisure. He has his periods of idleness, but only while he is waiting for instructions, so that he is not free to spend them as he would like.

The work itself is not of the most pleasant kind. Men in authority, on whom you depend for much of your information, have as a rule a very poor opinion of reporters, and you have consequently to endure many slights, not to say insults, in the earning of your daily bread.

But the biggest drawback of all is the smallness of the pay. An experienced reporter gets from £2 to £4 a week in the country, and from £3 to £7 in London. Such an income would be perfectly satisfactory if your post was permanent, but it is not. You may be sacked at a moment's notice, owing to a change of proprietorship or your failure to secure some impossible interview, and you will certainly be removed in favour of a younger man when you are thirty-seven or so. Then you find yourself in a sorry plight, for you are too old for reporting and know no other trade.

It amounts to this: between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-seven you earn from £2 to £5 a week, and in these fifteen years you must save enough to keep you for the rest of your life. But you can't save enough; you have to dress well and keep prosperous looking, or you lose your job, and in most towns your board and lodging bill eats heavily into your salary.

The green enthusiast will say the reporter should have risen to the editorial chair before he is thirty-seven, but there are ten reporters for one editor, and most editors are men of exceptional education.

The average reporter's chance of being an editor is therefore less than one in ten. Add to this the fact that he never feels secure, and consequently fears to marry, and ask yourself whether the lot of the mechanic or the small tradesman is not infinitely happier. E. GIBBS.

## MAP-READING.

AN ART WHICH THE OUTDOOR MAN SHOULD CULTIVATE.

The enjoyment of a walking or bicycling tour is materially added to, and indeed is to some extent dependent on your ability to read a map.

I have met men, for example, who did not understand the scale that is to be found on any self-respecting map.

That is a simple matter. Above the scale you will find written "(So many) Inches to One Mile." Let us say, it is One Inch to One Mile. This simply means that one inch on the map represents one mile of actual ground, and with this basis to work on, you can easily estimate the distance—at least as the crow flies—between yourself and any town, village, or other spot you would like to visit.

Possibly, however, you haven't got a measuring tape or a ruler with you; all you have to do is to tear a slip of paper off an old letter or newspaper, place it alongside the scale on the map, tick off its divisions, and then you can measure the distance between your desired points.

Another useful thing to remember in an emergency is that a halfpenny measures just one inch in diameter, and bearing this in mind it is easy, assuming you have a halfpenny, to make a rough inch measure.

It is essential to your comfort and plans in traversing unknown country to know where you may be prepared for mountains and hills, and your Ordnance map will tell you this if you know how to read it.

Look at your map and you will see that it is covered with short shading lines, some of which are heavier than others. These lines are called "hachures," and the thicker they are the steeper the ground, while the direction they take on the map indicates the shape of the ground.

Instead of the hachures there may be on your map numerous thin wavy lines. These are called contours and again indicate heights and ground formations. The closer the contours the steeper the ground, while at all points on any one contour the height above sea-level is the same.

On Ordnance maps the heights above sea-level are clearly marked, but if you know what hachures and contours are you can tell at a glance the nature of the country you are about to traverse.

On small scale maps minor roads are omitted, and you may have got down one of those or gone astray on moor or fell and not know where you are. Your map will soon solve the difficulty. First of all "set" the map, that is, get it into such a position that it corresponds with the country it represents.

If you have a compass, this is dead easy. In a corner of the map you will find two lines crossing, one with a seven-pointed star at the top, the other arrow-headed, and labelled "magnetic." All you have to do is to place your compass over these lines, and, letting the compass alone, twist and turn the map under it until the compass needle is exactly over the "magnetic" line. Your map then corresponds with the ground it represents, and by identifying objects on the map with those round about you, you can easily estimate your position.

Even if you have not a compass the process is still simple. Look around and find some prominent objects which you can also find on the map. Lay the map on the ground or hold it level in front of your eye and then turn it till your eye, the object on the map and the object in the country are in a line. Once again your map is "set."

If you want to find your exact position, either with or without a compass, all you have to do is to "set" the map as described, take two landmarks far apart, align each in turn with your eye by means of a ruler—an envelope will do—draw on the map a line from the distant object to your eye. The intersection of the two lines on the map will more or less accurately give you your exact position. HARRY WEEKES.

# Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## THE COLD BATH.

There are many of us who admit the tonic effects of a cold bath, but who have found by experience that the chill following it more than counteracts its bracing effects. You have read of the cold bath and determine to try it. While shaving you fill the bath and shudder at the frigidity of it. When the water ceases to bubble from the tap, the bath seems colder than ever; possibly you turn it on again, in order that the rush may bear you some sort of company.

You dip in, stand up and soap yourself, your feet freezing the while, then you dip again to wash the soap off. This is all very well for the man who can stand it, the soaping is an aid to cleanliness and is to be encouraged, but there are many who have not sufficient cardiac vigour to secure a proper reaction after a bath of this description.

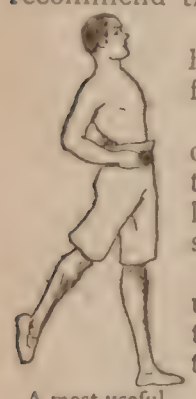
Therefore they relinquish cold baths with all their many advantages.

If such should be your case, change your method. Do not soap yourself at all. There are few men who cannot stand a dip in cold water, but there are many who cannot stand the repeated dips necessitated by soaping. If you fall within the latter category, content yourself with occasional warm baths as the means of cleansing your skin and use the cold morning dip only as an invigorating tonic. To-morrow morning fill the bath, dip into it and out again, and dry yourself very thoroughly. You will find that you have all the tonic effects of a cold bath without any of the usual consequent discomforts.

THE SPEAR-BEARER, by Polycleitus. (*In the National Museum, Naples.*)

## A SPLENDID LEG EXERCISE.

As a good leg-stretcher and developer I can recommend the following simple exercise.



A most useful exercise for the cyclist, walker and horseman.

Stand at attention, and place the hands on the hips, with the elbows forced well together.

Then without altering the poise of the body, raise one foot from the ground and extend the leg backwards, as shown in the sketch.

Force it back as far as it will go, until you feel the strain telling on the muscles at the back of the thigh.

Return the leg slowly to the starting position, and, transferring the weight to it, repeat the process with the other leg, and so on alternately. About a dozen times with each leg will be quite sufficient at first, but do not attempt to do the exercise any stated number of times; just stop when you are tired.

Be careful to retain the upright position of the body, and not to lean forward, as there will be a tendency to do, when the leg is as far back as it will go.

## EXERCISE AND PHYSIQUE.

I have received this week a query from a reader who is very anxious to take up weight-lifting, but he admits that his development is of the slightest character. He appears to have some inkling of the damage that would probably result, for he asks me whether he is well advised in taking up this particular method of muscle creation.

I am glad to have the opportunity of dealing with his letter, because I believe that the same problem has presented itself to other men who are keen on physical culture.

There are so many sports and types of athletics that it is impossible for any one man to follow them all; he must make a selection, and it rests with his common-sense to choose something suitable to his physique. For weight-lifting, wrestling and such heavy matters, you require rather more than the common amount of muscle, if you are not to run the risk of straining yourself. The man of slight development should select such sports as boxing, where speed and dexterity count for more than strength.

I may mention that the exercises which I have described on this page, are incapable of injuring anybody, provided they are done according to the directions I have given. The man whose heart is set on weight-lifting should brace himself up by these exercises till his physique is robust; then it will be time enough for him to let his thoughts run to the heavy bar-bell, and he will receive no injury from practising with it.

## A GOOD STRETCHER.

Stand a short distance away from a wall—about two or three feet, according to your height.

Rise on tip-toe, keeping the heels well together, and raise the arms above the head, so that the tips of the fingers meet.

First-rate for the abdominal muscles.

Bend slowly backwards from the waist, until you touch the wall with the finger-tips.

The tendency will be to bend the knees forward, to counteract the weight of the body being thrown backward. This must be resisted as far as possible, and the only bending should be at the ankles and the waist.

On returning to the perpendicular, which will be a matter of some difficulty until you have learnt to keep your balance, lower the arms to the sides, and sink slowly upon the heels.

This exercise is an excellent one for all the body-muscles, more especially for the development of the abdomen, chest, back and legs.

## SHORTS OR TROUSERS.

A Liverpool reader asks me whether I think the management of his gymnasium club well-advised in prescribing white flannel trousers as the wear for all members. In his opinion shorts would be ever so much better, and I cordially agree with him.

It is an undoubted fact that, if a certain part of a man's anatomy is never to be exhibited, he is tempted to take but little trouble in its development. When, therefore, he covers his legs during exercise with trousers, their development or lack of it is not displayed, whereas with shorts his scraggy knees, if they be such, are beheld of all, and he has every incentive to improve them.

Apart altogether from this, there is a distinct advantage in wearing shorts, for with them you have much more freedom of movement. Trousers are an unlovely and an uncomfortable part of our apparel at the best of times, but in my opinion they are quite unsuited for any form of athletic exercise, and we may yet live to see the day when cricket may become a more active game, and when trousers disappear from this, practically their last stronghold in the world of sport.

## A SUPPLING EXERCISE.

Stand upright with the arms by the sides, the heels together, and toes well separated.

Then, keeping the hands extended, raise the arms from the sides until they are held perpendicularly above the shoulders, as in the sketch, and the chest is well opened out, at the same time rising on tip-toe.

An effective and yet a light exercise.

Now sink slowly upon the heels.

Let the knees open out as they bend, so as to allow you actually to sit upon your heels.

Rise slowly to your full height, still keeping the heels well off the ground, and the arms stretched to their fullest extent.

Return the arms slowly to the side, and sink upon the heels once more.

If you do this gradually, as it should be done, you will find some difficulty in keeping your balance, but this is soon overcome, and the benefit to the ankles is considerable.

Those who are anxious to do what they can to increase their height, as many of my correspondents have declared themselves to be, will do well to pay special attention to this exercise and to all others that I give for the legs, which are almost the only parts of the body affecting the height which can be developed to any extent.

## SEEING ATHLETES.

I might write till my fingers froze with writers' cramp and still be unable to persuade the slacker to go in for physical culture.

In this matter the eye is more powerful than the intellect. The sight of one athlete will do more good to arouse a desire for fine development than will the writing of many words.

Much has been said against the music hall performer who does various athletic feats and exhibits his muscles, but I think he has done very much towards the growth of physical culture movements.

To see a man with large and beautiful muscles is a finer stimulus to the beginner than anything else I know of.

It is not only in the music hall where this visual stimulus may be obtained. You get it in an athletic club also—in the cross-country club, gymnasium, cycling club, or any other development of the club athletic which you may care to name.

If you feel slack in the matter of [illegible] for physical development, I should recommend you to join one club or another, where you will find men with better muscles than your own.

Your first feeling on beholding a man well developed, is one of envy, [illegible] malice and uncharitableness; but that wears off if you are a fellow of the right sort and you make up your mind that—to quote the old-fashioned success-mongers—"What others have done, you can do."

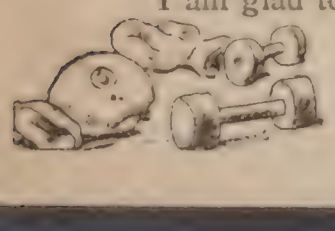
You determine to possess such muscles, or at least an approach to them, and you set about it systematically.

It is all very well for me to show how muscle may be rapidly formed, but I daresay there are many who read this page weekly, and who yet fail to practise what I preach. They lack an incentive. They are not quite sure whether the possession of fine muscularity is worth the trouble necessary to obtain it.

No argument of mine would convince them. I might tell them they would be more [illegible] they were better developed; they would [illegible] that at present they are healthy enough. But let them see a finely developed athlete—even a photograph will be better than nothing, but the original is best, for the clear glossy skin is as attractive as the muscles.

Then, as I have said, the eye will do what argument has failed to accomplish and their interest in physical culture will be aroused.

This is something, and it [illegible] many an hour which might otherwise have been wasted or mis-spent in a place of public entertainment.



# Richard Selby: Englishman

A NEW SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By Adam Stern.

## VI. THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

"That's good!" commented Mr. Hezekiah Guest, passing a letter over the dilapidated desk. Richard read it.

In effect, Messrs. Bagnet and Moore, of Birmingham, desired lowest prices for a hundred odd tons of chain, quotation to be at four [illegible].

It being a contract of the Government for chain intended for the battleships in course of construction, delivery would be required to take place by the time stated, failing which a certain penalty would be enforced.

"Just come in right now we're slack," said Richard, "if we can pull off the order."

"We'll get our share right enough," said Guest. "It comes every 'ear."

"Share?"

"Yes, m'lad. That inquiry's in every chain works in the district. But there's on'y Thorn's an' us as can 'andle it, so we're pretty sure of 'alf."

"Why not the lot?" asked Richard.

"Well, I [illegible] 'as a talk wi' Thorn's to [illegible] to quote so's we shan't goo cuttin' [illegible]'s throat in the matter o' price. Y' [illegible]," he smiled, "there's profit in Gov'ment [illegible]. They ain't so partic'lar what they pay [illegible] as the stuff's good."

"All the more reason for getting the lot. I [illegible] it with a rival [illegible] if I could [illegible] it."

Guest pulled at his stubbly black beard and looked at his young foreman.

"Y' wouldn't, eh? Why not?"

"Because they're bound to go for the lot one of these days and it would be just as well to be first."

Each eye of Guest's held a speck of light as if thrown up from inward heat.

"I've on'y been at this biznis for thirty-five 'ears," he said. "An' o' coorse I'm willin' to learn."

Richard ignored the sarcasm.

"You're losing money," he said.

"Ho! An' where did yo' get that idea?"

"The books," replied Richard. Six weeks of tireless study had enabled him to overcome the [illegible] of book-keeping.

Guest insisted on the statement triumphantly. "If that's a proof o' yer cleverness I don't think much on it."

"You made two hundred pound less last year than the year before."

"Maybe; but there was a 'andsomish bit to spare all the same."

"Wouldn't do for me," said Richard. "Money not made is money lost."

"Gettin' ambitious, are y'?" taunted Guest.

The clash of will had become frequent of late, Guest often tried to put the younger man at disadvantage of a lost temper.

"I've got a few ideas," said Richard indifferently, "and they'll want money to carry 'em out."

"Well, what's yer idea on this?" said Guest, eyeing him shrewdly.

"Quote your price and consult nobody," replied Richard.

Guest debated it in his mind. The love of confidence was strong in him, but equally he detested admitting weakness of judgment. Before he had determined what to do they were interrupted. A thin, long-faced man with [illegible] hair had slid through the doorway so [illegible] as to make Richard wonder how much of the conversation he had overheard.

"Hello, Jake," said Guest, whose face had suddenly gone impassive. "What d' yo' want?"

"I called about that inquiry," said Thorn, his shifty eyes everywhere. "I see yo've 'ad it the same as we."

"Like a fox!" thought Richard, turning the pages of a dirty ledger with a busy expression.

"Well, what about it?" said Guest sharply, displeased at his keen observation.

"I was thinkin' we might spring ten bob a ton more this time if yo' was agreeable."

Guest looked towards Richard as if for inspiration, but saw nothing but the top of a bent head. It was evident that Richard intended to let him decide for himself. The very sense of uncertainty made Guest perverse.

"I tho't a pound a ton," he said. "Iron's dearer than it was this time last 'ear."

"Ah, p'r'aps we might manage even that if we both sticks fast to the price," returned Thorn.

"I'll stick to it if yo' will," said Guest with emphasis.

The other assented instantly, and Richard walked out of the office into the works. Guest smiled grimly, confident he had scored, and began to talk with Thorn on matters relating to the trade in general.

"No 'anky-panky," he said to Thorn as he was going.

"Not likely," was the assurance, and Guest being a man of his word believed him.

II.

There was considerable surprise on the face of Mr. Guest a few days later when he opened a letter from Bagnet and Moore and discovered that the whole of the Government contract had been entrusted to him.

"What d'ye think o' that," he queried, eyeing Richard with some amusement. "Looks as if I'm fated to ha' that order."

Richard scrutinised the document closely.

"Seems all right," he said.

"Ah, an' the price is a sight better than we'd ha' got if I'd taken yo'r advice," said Guest maliciously.

"Where do Thorn's come in?" mused Richard.

"B. and M.'s wouldn't trust 'em to supply the right stuff, that's as plain as a pikestaff. Well, we shall ha' to do it some'ow. Ten ton a week for three months should be easy enough, eh?"

"We got no iron," said Richard, "not o' the special sort we want for this best chain."

"No, I ain't bin buyin' much to speak on, the price 'as bin so stiff. I'll pop over to Birmingham to-day an' do the best I can."

Richard stood thoughtful.

"Gettin' frightened y'self now, eh?" said Guest.

"I'm wondering what Thorn's game is," said Richard. "There's something tricky about this."

Guest laughed.

"P'r'aps yo'd like me to refuse th' order?"

"Not much. But it's a cert. that Thorn's meant us to have it." He looked up. "Anyhow, get the iron fixed up before you sign this contract note."

"Richard, my lad," said Guest commiseratingly. "Yo'm afflicted wi' nerves."

"O—ah," said Richard, using his habitual non-committal expression, and Guest laughed again.

All that day Richard pondered the matter. His anticipation had been that their competitors would underquote them and obtain the complete contract for themselves. Failing this, he had been certain they would obtain their usual share of the order.

Guest's return towards evening, saying that he had bought the iron at a satisfactory price, reassured him, but he still held some lingering apprehensions.

"I 'ad to buy it from Derwood's," explained Guest. "They're th' only firm round 'ere as supplies the right quality o' metal."

"Did you arrange a penalty with them for any failure in delivery?" asked Richard.

"I tried, but they wouldn't stand it. They're so independent, them big works. Scared again?"

There was no doubt that Mr. Guest enjoyed probing Richard's feelings.

"Thorn's as artful as a monkey," returned Richard serenely. "And perhaps you'll be scared before that order's done."

"If I be," said Guest with satisfaction. "Yo'll be blamed, 'cause yo're foreman an' I 'olds yer responsible for everythin'."

"Even that don't worry me," said Richard, returning the smile.

III.

Events seemed to justify Richard's premonitions.

Firstly, the initial delivery of iron was as bad as the language Guest used on seeing it, and it had to be returned to the works.

Upon that the suppliers took umbrage and entered on a long and trying correspondence ere they would replace the consignment. The proceedings were repeated a few weeks later, and Guest found himself in danger of incurring the penalty if any further hitch occurred.

Then one night a complete stranger accosted Richard as he was leaving the works, and made him a suspiciously generous offer to transfer his services to another firm which for the time being he preferred not to name.

This presented to Richard an unique opportunity for finding out what was in the wind, and he talked very fairly to the man while progressing down a side street which led direct to the canal.

Arrived there, he held him with somewhat breath-destroying force while he insisted on information, and once he dipped him in the stagnant water as a proof of earnestness.

Richard did it all without undue violence, but with that irresistible force which was part of his character.

He had to repeat his questions several times, but in the end he learned that the stranger was an agent of Thorn's, and he learned also several other things about Thorn's of which he made an accurate mental note. They would come in useful in the near future.

At half-past eight the next morning Mr. Guest arrived at the works in his trap, and Richard lost no time in dispelling the cheerfulness which a drive between the green-clad hedges had brought to his face.

"Did you know Thorn's had taken in more capital and a new partner?" he asked.

"Blamed if I did!" said Guest. "But what if they 'ave?"

"To bust you, that's all."

Guest clicked his tongue scornfully.

"Derwood's the new man's name," said Richard.

"Not th' iron man!" exclaimed Guest.

"The man who's got our order for iron," affirmed Richard.

Richard related what happened the night before.

"Lucky he came to me first. All the men are at work this morning, but that won't last long if they get the offer I had. We must do something quick."

"Thorn!" growled Guest, bending his brows. "I'll just go round an' see 'im, the putty-faced swine!"

"Not much good, though you'd get some fun out of it. Derwood's the man. He holds the iron. That's their game. They knew we couldn't get it elsewhere, so they worked things for us to get the contract and then hoped to bust us by letting us in for the penalty. We must have the iron."

"But 'ow?" asked Guest, rather helplessly.
"I dunno. Let me go over and see him."
"What to do?"
"Let's get face to face with him and I'll soon guess."
"Right m'lad, I'll leave it to you," said Guest, his fighting spirit warming to the other man's. "If yer do it"—he paused, and his old grim smile returned—"we might talk over some o' yo'r ideas, eh?"

IV.

"Wot cha biznis?" asked the boy, returning from announcing Selby's name.
"Tell him," said Richard distinctly, "that I represent the British Government."
In another minute he was facing a surprised look on the bland face of a man seated in a warm, carpeted office.
Mr. Derwood was flagrantly immaculate both in manner and dress, but what gave Richard joy was to find that he was young.
"And what can I do?" he began politely.
Richard marched straight up to him and looked him full in the face. The approach was undisguisedly warlike and the blue eyes of the other wavered a moment. In a few terse sentences Richard told all he knew.
"And what do you want from me?" asked Derwood with every appearance of innocence.
"Fair play, clean competition, straight dealing," said Richard.
Slowly the blood flowed into Derwood's face, and he stretched out a hand to the electric bell.
"Don't touch that," said Richard, and perhaps the absence of threat in his voice made Derwood pause.
Richard had calculated his strength exactly.
"If you come into the chain trade," continued Richard, "you'll find that dirty work needs dirty handling."
Derwood leaned back in his chair and eyed his superciliously, though the meaning had not escaped him.
"My dear man," he said, "from the look of you I should imagine you are eminently qualified for that duty."
"From the look of you," retorted Richard casually, "it would take me exactly ten seconds to break your neck."
Then it was that Derwood sprang towards the bell, only to find his wrist gripped by one hand and another prisoning his mouth.
He was a child in the grasp of the maker of chain.
Richard bent his head back and looked at him.
"You'll sign a paper undertaking the same penalty for non-delivery as we've signed?" he said calmly, interpreting the pleading in the agonised eyes.
Derwood attempted to nod.
He was paralysed with terror. The slumbering fire in Richard's eyes afflicted him with the nausea of fear.
When Richard released him he was green.
He drew a paper towards him and picked up a pen with trembling fingers. His only thought was to get this man out of the place.
Richard stood at his shoulder, crushing his immaculate collar limp with his left hand, while he watched what he wrote.
Once a stab of resentment made Derwood glance up, but overhead he saw a fist poised, which, to his present shattered imagination, looked like the hammer of doom.
Richard was in his element, for the situation was wholly to his liking, he being naturally a man who liked a fight or anything approaching it.
Richard took the paper and blotted it.
"Break your word," he said, without an atom of heat, "and I'll break your neck."
At the door he turned round, youth urging him to a parting shot.
"And, by the Lord," he said, "you don't know how near I was to doing it."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Ed.]

## TO-MORROW'S TROUBLES.

The other day a man killed his wife and children and then committed suicide. He left behind him a letter, which was read at the inquest. In it he explained that he believed that his business was declining, and he could not face the prospect of poverty.

This is, of course, an extreme case; but the panic that prompted him to commit this dreadful crime has been experienced by most of us at one time or another.

You are getting along all right, perhaps, when there suddenly comes upon you the numbing fear that your efforts may prove fruitless, and that you and yours may some day be faced with actual want.

When such a thought comes to you, dismiss it at once. The risk of poverty is one that we must all take, for it is only the few who can be assured incomes. Moreover this horrible fear merely paralyses effort; it does not help you in any way. Often it is a bogey without foundation.

In the case of the tradesman just mentioned his affairs were found to be in a thoroughly sound condition when his executors wound up his estate.

Even if poverty should come upon you, it is not so hard to bear as ill health; look at the poor about you. Are they so very unhappy? Poverty is much easier to endure than the thought of becoming poor.

The case is on record—incredible as it may seem to those of us who spend our days in the pursuit of the money god—of a man who fell from wealth to poverty and who, after a spell of what might be called hardship, came into a small fortune but refused to accept it; he found poverty too pleasant to relinquish, when he had the chance.

Therefore do your best to secure comfort in your old age, but don't worry about it. Think of the comfort wealth will be, but don't consider even the possibility of being poor.


# BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

## For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

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The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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# OFFENSIVE PERSONS.

SOME TYPES.

I daresay I am myself an offensive person. People who are for ever discovering motes in their neighbour's eyes are apt to overlook the beams in their own. However, in describing some people, or rather types of people, who strike me as being particularly offensive, I must take the risk of giving myself away.

The other day a friend and I turned into the smoking-room of an hotel for a chat and a drink.

It was not one of those huge caravanserais, but a quiet, middle-class sort of place, where people are more apt to be residents than birds of passage.

Our appearance in the smoking-room was obviously regarded as an intrusion. Nothing was said by the habitués, but it was easy to read what was passing through their minds. "How dare you, mere men out of the street, come in here, where we are staying?" were their unspoken thoughts.

Further, they stared at us, as if we were some strange and fearsome animals, though in truth we are quite ordinary men, and one of them got up from his seat, strolled over, and stood taking stock of us.

It may not sound very offensive, but we found his demeanour intensely objectionable, and this type of man is very prevalent in the smaller hotels.

He wears a sort of "get-off-the-earth" air, and suffers from the delusion that because he has a bedroom in the attic and is boarded by the week he has bought the hotel, with several of the adjoining streets thrown in.

You will often meet him too in railway carriages, where he seems to regard it as a personal insult that you should dare to occupy a seat in the same compartment with him, while his manner not infrequently suggests that you are guilty of an unwarrantable impertinence in presuming to breathe the same air as he.

An illbred inquisitiveness is, however, his chief characteristic. He is not content with staring at you; he will come and stand or sit close by on the chance of eavesdropping and discovering who or what you are.

He is bred in great numbers in Government offices, but has about as much manliness as a tadpole, and is if possible more conceited than an actor-manager.

He frequents hotels because no decent boarding house would stand him, and he is an inquisitive, prying old maid in trousers.

Another irritating hotel smoking-room type is the vacuous man. He moons round the room, clearly without any definite purpose in his mind, clearly without any mind at all. He will stand in front of a picture for half-an-hour at a time, gazing stolidly at it, yet really seeing nothing.

He exudes stupidity at every pore, and you would give a lot to get up and shake some life into his bovine carcase.

He is not, however, so offensive as my first type, as he confines his "stare-gazing" to things and not to persons.

Another man who gets on my nerves, although in a minor degree, is the "edger," as I shall call him.

You go into a bar with him to have a drink, and we will say you take up a position in the corner farthest away from the door. Before you are half-way through your drink he will have "edged" half-way across the bar, and unless you are firm and protest, he will end by edging you out into the street. The only thing to do with this type of man is to get next the wall, and to pray that it is substantially built, for otherwise he will certainly edge you through that.

My little gallery is already filled, but the next time you are in an hotel smoking-room look out for types one and two, and if you don't recognise them, and if you don't find them highly offensive, then I shall be very much surprised.

OLIVER STOKES.

OWING TO THE LATE SEASON, NOW IS THE TIME TO SOW.

First brought to this country from Sicily about two hundred years ago, the sweet pea remained more or less unknown until about thirty years ago, when scarcely more than a dozen varieties were in cultivation.

Then a leading horticulturist set himself to producing new varieties by cross-fertilisation, and now there are over one hundred distinct sorts of sweet pea, a number which is being constantly added to; the modest flower has its own National Society, and it is assiduously cultivated by all classes.

The reasons of the sweet pea's vast popularity are not far to seek. Apart from its beauty and fragrance, it is cheap—a packet of a dozen different varieties will cost you no more than a shilling; it is hardy; it is to be obtained in all shades and colours; it requires little attention, certainly not more than a busy man can give it; it makes a charming buttonhole for a man or bouquet for a lady, while as a table decoration it is preferred by the highest in the land to far more expensive flowers.

Sweet peas are usually sown in February in mild climates, in March where the temperature is lower, but in view of the atrocious weather we have had it is certainly not too late to begin now.

The sweet pea is above all things a liberty loving plant, and plenty of room is essential to its growth and development. The novice is apt to sow too thickly, with the result that the plants are starved.

Select, if possible, a dry day for the operation, and sow in rows four feet apart and from one to two inches deep. The seeds should be sown at least three inches apart; indeed, growers for exhibition place them at intervals of six and even twelve inches. Do not fill up the holes level with the ground, but leave a little depression, so that in dry weather water may be retained.

Sweet peas require plenty of water, and a mulching of manure on either side of a row is an excellent thing, while an occasional dressing with some artificial fertiliser every two or three weeks is also strongly to be recommended, especially in dry weather, or if your soil is poor.

When the plants are about four inches high they require training sticks, and for these untrimmed nut hazel twigs are best.

In any case the sticks should be strong enough and firmly planted enough to stand a pretty strong wind.

Or you may give your sweet peas natural training sticks by sowing under standard rose or other bushes or trees, the lower part and lower branches of which are bare.

From sowing to blooming is about three months. Once the blooms come all faded flowers should be picked off, and indeed sweet peas should never be allowed to form their seed-pods.

Of late years the Everlasting Pea has made a bold bid for popularity with the Sweet Pea proper, which, of course, lives but a season.

Once sown the everlasting pea requires little or no attention; indeed, it is best left to itself to climb and clamber naturally over wall, tree, or trellis work. It flowers from July to September.

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# The Bookie's Business

## WHY HE CAN AFFORD TO LIVE WELL.

It would be inexpedient here to enter into the mathematical calculation of odds on a horse-race, because we should have a paragraph of figures uninteresting to anyone except the man who contemplates going into the business. Suffice it to say that where the odds ought to be 10 to 1 against a horse, the bookmaker lays only 8 to 1. It is precisely in the difference between the odds laid and the odds that would make an absolutely even book, that the bookie's profits lie.

In the case of a bookmaker whose book is scientifically arranged, he wins a fair percentage of the money taken, no matter which horse passes the post first. Technically this system is called "laying to figures," and so long as the bookmaker can and does follow it he is bound to win.

But sometimes it is not possible for him to straighten his book by laying against all the horses running, for in a race where there is one hot favourite, nearly everybody wants to bet on that horse, and so, if it wins, the bookmaker is left very seriously out of pocket, for his takings on the other horses are insignificant. When Ard Patrick won the Derby, and Sceptre won the Oaks, scores of bookies broke, because they had not been able to straighten their books.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CLERK.

The technical department is generally left with the clerk, who is a well-paid penciller, with a mathematical turn of mind, and he warns his employer immediately he has laid too much against any one horse, and no further bets are taken on that head. If, however, the bookmaker finds that he has gone a step too far in the case of one horse he will resort to "backing it in," or in plain English accepting the odds against that horse from some other bookie. Thus if the horse wins, he has to pay out more than he has taken, but he has his winnings to come from the other bookmaker to meet the deficit.

It is an established and necessary fact that so long as the bookie works on the scientific lines laid down above, he is bound to win, and he is the only man on the field who does so in the long run.

To take a case in point. In the old days when the train service was bad, it was the habit with many racegoers to go down to Epsom the day before the Derby, and stay in that town overnight.

I remember a young Lancashire man who used to call at most of the big hotels in the morning to shave the guests, and on one particular Derby morning I missed him.

### FROM BARBER TO BOOKIE.

I saw him on the course, however, in the silver ring laying the odds with the best of them. He told me that he had shaved so many bookmakers, and they seemed so prosperous, that he thought he would have a try, and consequently he started in a small way at Hurst Park with only £5 of capital. Now he was prepared to take any bet from 1s. to £5 and was doing famously. I saw him at the end of the day, and he told me that he had made altogether £80, but this was rather an exceptional profit, as the winner was a rank outsider.

I have seen him many times in the years that have passed since then; his fingers are resplendent with real diamond rings, and he has a motor-car and a general appearance of vulgar opulence. He is not one of the greatest bookmakers, but he is making a comfortable thing out of the turf without much trouble, for he never bets off the course, which means that he works less than one day a week on an average.

Between him and the gigantic firms which transact business by letter and telegram, keep a score of clerks and house themselves in palatial offices, there is a wide difference; but small fry and big, the bookies manage to secure a thoroughly good living provided they work scientifically.

The bookie has many enemies, their particular type varying according to the class of business he does. The man who works on the course has to avoid offending the regular racecourse rough. Let him yield to the spirit of fair play and assist some unhappy racegoer whom they are bashing, and he is a marked man; if he again appears on a racecourse, the roughs will shout "Welsher" and will immediately proceed to make things hot for him.

### UNSPORTSMANLIKE DECEIVERS.

The bookie who spends his time dodging the police and circumventing the Street Betting Act is victimised from time to time. A favourite scheme is to hand him a slip with a genuine bet upon it, but to have pasted behind this slip another bearing the name of a horse that has already won an earlier race. As the paste, which is of the thinnest kind, becomes dry, the two papers separate, and the book-maker, when making his payments in the evening, imagines that he has taken the fraudulent slip in the ordinary course of business before the race.

One of the neatest frauds was that practised on a publican who acted as a bookmaker on the sly. His intimates assembled in a private room, and there he accepted bets from them as much as ten minutes after the race, for he supposed that they could not know the result till an evening paper came.

It was only when he found that he always lost, that he became suspicious and discovered that a confederate learned over the telephone the result of a race immediately it was finished, and then came into the bar and ordered a certain drink, every drink and every combination of drink meaning the name of one or other of the runners. He spoke loudly, and the backers thus learned the name of the "dead cert."

### BEATING THE LAW.

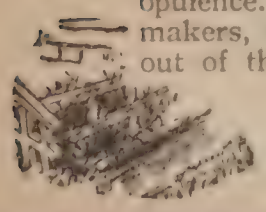
Since the passing of the Street Betting Act the ingenuity of the workman's bookie has been taxed, but not found wanting.

Money and a slip are safely passed to the street bookie by the client, who hands them to him in a matchbox, from which the bookie draws them along with a vesta. Many bookies, however, are seeking greater safety in the privacy of a shop, generally a tobacconist's, so that the police may not be too suspicious at the rush of customers during the dinner hour. A code is arranged, so that if a stranger is present the client need only name a certain brand of cigarettes to convey to the bookmaker the name of the horse and the amount of the bet. The money is of course deducted from the customer's change.

Shrewdness, tact, a good connection and some eye for figures—these are the qualifications needed of the successful bookmaker.

Let it be remembered, however, that the life is demoralising. It is not particularly good for a man to make £100 in a day without working for it, and there is a great temptation to spend lightly what has so lightly come. That is why so many bookmakers become bankrupt or bolt. The man who works carefully and lives quietly enough to maintain a sufficient capital makes a sound income with little trouble.

R. D. SYKES.



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# "MODERN MAN" POLICE

## AN APPEAL TO YOUR SPORTING INSTINCT.

It goes without saying that every reader of THE MODERN MAN has in him those instincts, qualities, ambitions, and inclinations that go to make up what is called a sportsman.

These readers individually may not be keen on any particular game or pastime, but it does not require active participation in sports in order to be a good sportsman, though of course every sportsman is the better for an indulgence in his favourite pursuits.

The main thing, however, is the quality and calibre of a man.

The weak-kneed fanatics who rail against this or that sport are as often as not doing more harm than good by their extreme views and ridiculous agitations. To them everything short of pampering the animal creation savours of brutality and cruelty, but such extremists in reality know very little of sport and much less of the alleged cruelties of which it consists.

## SPORTSMEN HAVE KIND HEARTS.

The man who does know from careful observation and humane instincts where legitimate sport ends and where unnecessary cruelty, pain, bloodshed and wanton brutality begin, is pre-eminently the man who spends a large part of his life at sporting pursuits, whether they be fox-hunting, rabbit shooting, or the milder forms of enjoyment, such as walking, cross-country running, pole jumping, or cycling. It is to these men that England must, and ought to look for a widespread dissemination of right and humane principles.

Every sportsman, whether he is playing football on the waste land on the outskirts of the town, or is decked out in gorgeous breeches and patent leathers astride a spanking chestnut out in the rolling country, knows well enough that there is an immense amount of really unnecessary cruelty to be witnessed on all hands, and it is to these sportsmen that the present writer would appeal that they should—even at the cost of inconvenience and delay, or even at some expense—never let a single instance of cruelty pass without at least a protest.

There is an immense power, making for true manliness, and for true sport—which is the same thing—in the dignified, reasoning protest of a man who is himself a sportsman, against the least and the greatest acts of cruelty which all of us are sure to witness, unhappily, from time to time.

## HOW TO PROTEST.

To meet cruelty with abuse is not the sportsman's way at all. To abuse the man who is indulging in brutality will probably only harden his heart, and when your back is turned he will vent his sense of resentment at your "damned interference" upon his hapless donkey or overloaded mare.

Any "Modern Man" who found it necessary to make a protest against cruelty, and who at the same time appealed as a sportsman to whatever of the sportsman there was in the character of the offender, would seldom regret his action.

A man to man appeal of this sort is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred irresistible.

The lout who holds his whippet while he kicks it severely with his hobnailed boots; the young Sunday afternoon hobbledehoys who love to stone an unfortunate frog; the labourer who (with a firm grip of the reins) belabours his horse upon its tenderest parts, never meant to be hit at all; the half-dozen costers who crowd on to the hand-barrow and yell and beat the overweighted donkey—these and the thousands of other unthinking men and youths are not in reality always the abandoned ruffians they appear.

Very few are really beyond reach of a sportsman's appeal, and MODERN MAN readers would lighten the burdens of the beasts by keeping their eyes open and acting as unofficial police in the sportsman's crusade against unsportsmanlike cruelty. No man can claim the title of sportsman — that much debated and much coveted distinction — who thinks only of his own enjoyment and his own comfort.

The writer does not ask that any man should constitute himself a private detective to search out the cruelties that go on unseen. These are the concern of the constituted authorities. But there are thousands of little cruelties that are hardly within reach of the law, and yet that help to pile up the mountain of useless pain and hardship, and it is these that "Modern Men" can stamp out.

T. W. GARDEN.

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

George Meredith lives a life of serene content in his little country house. Every part of it is precious to him, and he has watched it from the moment when it was a vacant lot.

While building operations were going on Meredith was always on the spot. One day there came to see him an ardent admirer of his works. There was enough of the house already built for a conception to be formed as to its future proportions, and Meredith was explaining everything with much pride.

"One thing surprises me," said his friend. "I notice that in your novels you always describe grand mansions and lofty apartments, but when you build a house you make a very little one. Why this difference between theory and practice?"

"My friend," said Meredith, smiling sadly, "it is simply because words are much cheaper than bricks."

## CALABASH BRIAR PIPES.

Messrs. Sadler and Moore have been good enough to send for our inspection one of the silver-mounted calabash briar pipes which they are presenting to their customers. They give one of these pipes to every purchaser of half-a-pound of their "Service Mixture," which is so popular in the Army and Navy. The baccy is good and the pipe is a beauty.

## AFTER SHAVING.

We have received from the Oatine Co. samples of their preparations, and would recommend them to our readers. Oatine Cream is now well known as an excellent complexion beautifier for ladies and as an admirable after-shaving soother for the masculine face.

We understand that they have lately placed on the market a new greaseless cream known as "Oatine Snow." They claim that it is as much superior to any other greaseless cream as Oatine is to all creams. That this is no idle boast is proved by the fact that they have been awarded the Gold Medal, or Grand Prix, in each of the eleven Exhibitions they have entered throughout the Continent as well as in England during the past year.

The other preparations are equally useful, and we recommend our readers to apply to them for a box of eight samples, which are sent to all who forward 3d. to cover postage. Write to the Oatine Co., 79B, Denman Street, S.E.


# ANOTHER FREE 500 FREE

SOUVENIR SILVER-MOUNTED

## CALABASH BRIAR PIPES

**Complimentary Presentation to "Modern Man" Smokers.**

The recent distribution by the makers of the celebrated "**Service Mixture**" pipe tobacco of 500 Souvenir silver-mounted calabash briar pipes to MODERN MAN smokers was so immediately appreciated that Messrs. Sadler and Moore have determined to renew this special offer, and they have now arranged for the free gift of another 500 similar pipes.

**AN ABSOLUTE GIFT.**

The gift is one in the truest sense of the word, for a pipe is given to every purchaser of ½lb. of "**Service Mixture,**" whether in one quantity or four 2oz. tins. The price has not been raised. "**Service Mixture**" is always **5/-** per ½lb. tin, and **1/3** per 2oz. tin.

"**Service Mixture**" is known and smoked throughout the civilised world by smokers who appreciate the distinctive and gratifying features of an ideal tobacco.

"**Service Mixture**" is the standard tobacco mixture of Army and Navy men—and they know what a pipe tobacco should be.

Good tobacco is like a good friend—the attachment is mutual. Pleasure and delight is always forthcoming.

"**Service Mixture**" has no rival. The most critical smokers prefer it because of (1) Its purity and choiceness; (2) its coolness, sweetness, and fragrance; (3) its perpetual freshness and unfailing quality. It is only sold in tins, and every tin is air-tight.

**HOW TO OBTAIN THE FREE PIPE.**

Every purchaser of ½lb. tin (**5/-**) or of four 2oz. tins (**1/3** each) should forward their order in this instance to the manufacturers. Of course, retailers stock it, and afterwards you can always obtain from your usual tobacconist.

THIS IS THE PIPE.

"**Service Mixture**" is pre-eminently the mixture for business and professional men. It has just those superior qualities which constitute an ideal pipe tobacco. You have to have tobacco, why not the best procurable for your money? Send your order early. If you decide to purchase in 2oz. quantities your pipe will at once be put aside for you, and sent post free on completion of 5s. purchase.

**SADLER AND MOORE,** *Licensed Tobacco Manufacturers,*
**SPITAL SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.**

# TO SMOKERS!

Make your own Cigarette, Sir. It is twice as good.

Cigarette Paper. **A.G.** Best and Purest.

**Largest Sale in Great Britain.**

# The OUTER MAN

**A WEEKLY FEATURE**

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

**BIRD'S-EYE TIES.**

The choice of a tie is a very difficult matter, for it is one of those details which tell most in a man's appearance.

And even in ties the fashion changes not infrequently. It is not so very long ago that knitted ties were all the rage, but now their vogue is quite gone by, except perhaps for ties composed of club colours.

There is one kind of tie, however, which has remained in fashion for twenty years, and shows no signs of losing public favour. That is the "bird's-eye tie," of dark blue or black silk with small white spots.

The material is made up into bows, Ascot scarves, and sailor knots, and looks equally well for either. It is not so dull as a self-colour, and is trim and neat yet simple. It can be worn with any form of garment, from frock-coat to hunting costume, without looking out of place.

As a smart and quiet form of neckwear, the dotted bird's-eye tie is much patronised by sportsmen, especially in the form of the scarf.

**SECOND-HAND CLOTHES.**

If there is one subject of inquiry more than another with which I have to deal, it is the matter of second-hand clothes. I find that very many readers desire to dispose profitably of suits and other things of which they have become tired. Experience has shown them that it is extremely difficult to get a reasonable price for clothes from the ordinary trade purchasers, and they have asked me to put them in touch with some private buyer, who would be willing to acquire good things at a fair price. Other readers have asked me to tell them where they can purchase good clothes second-hand. In both cases I have been unable to assist them.

I claim some credit, however, for inducing the Editor to start a "Readers' Sales and Exchange Feature," and through it I believe that the various inquirers will find their needs met.

There are some bits of sporting toggery that one does not wish to have seem absolutely new; for disposal of such garments and for many others I can fully recommend this system of private advertising.

**SHOE LACES.**

It is the details of a man's attire that count for most. Of course, his suit must be well cut and kept in good trim, but that is not enough to earn him the reputation of being a well-dressed man.

Even the shoe-laces are worth giving some attention to, both from the point of view of appearance and comfort.

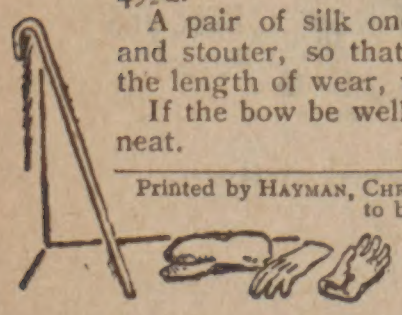
As with most articles of clothing, it pays to get good ones. Nothing is more annoying than a lace that breaks at the most inopportune moment, as the cheap one always does.

It is the fashion nowadays to wear broad shoe-laces, and they undoubtedly look smart.

They should be about an inch in breadth, and those of ordinary material can be got for about 4½d.

A pair of silk ones, which are both smarter and stouter, so that the extra cost is saved by the length of wear, will cost from 1s. to 1s. 6d.

If the bow be well tied, the effect will be very neat.



**FROCK OR MORNING COAT?**

I have often been asked for my opinion on the respective correctness of the frock coat and morning coat.

A short time ago the frock coat for some reason went out of fashion. Men were even married in tail-coats, and the necessity for possessing a frock coat, even in the most distinguished society, has passed away.

The frock coat has at last, however, to some extent returned to fashion again, but it has now to share its position as the man's full-dress attire with the morning coat.

The other day I asked one of the leading London tailors what was his verdict on the question.

"Well," he said, "the truth is that they are both correct. The young man should stick to the morning coat, and leave the frock coat to the elderly man. The line between the two is, like the Equator, an imaginary one, but it is not usually very difficult for a man to make up his mind which class he comes in. It is not his actual age that is important, but his apparent age, his figure and height."

Some men never look well in a frock coat—the short man, for instance, very rarely does—and to these the elasticity of the present fashion is a great boon, for they will be by no means incorrect if they never discard their morning coat, whatever their age.

The young man, however, as I have remarked before on this page, will be wise to eschew the frock coat altogether, and to wear a morning coat, preferably a braided one, for this is another fashion which after disappearing for a time is now once more in favour.

**THE JACKET FOR BREECHES.**

It is often a difficult matter to choose a jacket to wear with riding breeches, for obviously it cannot be of the same material.

If it is about the same colour as the breeches, the latter will look like knickerbockers, and there will always be the suggestion of compromise, as if you had tried and failed to match the two.

It is far better boldly to wear a jacket—and waistcoat, if one of the fancy variety is not worn—that is as different as possible in material and colour from the breeches.

If the latter are of Bedford cord, which is really the best and stoutest material for them, the coat must not be of a colour approaching khaki, but of some sort of tweed totally different.

If the breeches are checks, it will be well to wear a coat of some fairly quiet shade—preferably a self-colour or a tweed without any very pronounced stripe.

**THE JUSTIFICATION OF BREECHES.**

I have just received a letter from a reader on the subject of my advocacy of riding breeches as the ideal attire for a man's nether limbs.

"I greatly admire the style," he writes, "and would adopt it on all occasions, but I am afraid of ridicule, as I cannot ride a horse."

Surely it is time to knock on the head such cant as the objection to riding breeches on a man who is not actually a horseman.

In my opinion riding breeches and evening dress are the two forms of attire in which a man looks his best, and though I would not advocate the wearing of evening dress in the daytime in this country—although in France, where it is worn on State occasions, the effect is by no means unpleasing—I do fail to see why any man should not wear breeches and leggings, in the country at least, in place of the unlovely trousers.

You might as well object to a man wearing two buttons on the back of his coat, though he no longer wears the sword-belt that they were intended to support, or to the broad collar of the sailor or the black tabs at the back of a fusilier's collar, because they are no longer needed to keep the powder of their pig-tails from their tunics.

**THE IDEAL COSTUME.**

My correspondent hesitates also because he is of slender figure and medium height, but I have yet to find the man on whom my favourite costume does not look well.

The breeches need not be aggressively "horsey," and if one does not intend to ride a horse, there is no need to go to the extra expense of leather strappings.

I do not think there is any excuse for a man who is not able to ride carrying a hunting-crop, or wearing spurs, but there are very few men who would think of doing such a thing, if they were not actually dressed with the intention of riding.

The best means of obviating the difficulty, no doubt, is to learn to ride, but my correspondent, like many others, is prevented by the cost from going to a riding school, and by circumstances from joining a mounted Territorial corps.

Yet if one lives in the country there are often ways and means of getting a cheap or a free ride. Many an owner of a horse is only too glad to get him exercised, and a good-natured farmer will often give you a mount, while most men have some friend who is capable and willing to give them the little instruction they need.

**BOOTS WITHOUT TOECAPS.**

There is no doubt that boots which have no toecaps—with what I believe the trade calls "Jockey toes"—look smart.

Their general use in the Army is sufficient evidence of this. The cavalryman in walking-out order with Wellingtons, or the officer in patent leather dress Wellingtons, always looks smart about the feet. These boots give an attractive toe and make the foot look smaller and neater.

For civilian wear it may perhaps be urged that the "Jockey toe" is best restricted to riding boots. Without the close-fitting overalls and trouser straps and spurs, there may appear to be something lacking if the line of the toecap does not appear across the toe of the boot, but I confess I like to see its absence.

The ordinary civilian boot without a toecap is something of a novelty, and it is worth while asking your bootmaker to show you a pair of this kind. The cost is perhaps a little greater than that of the ordinary Derby boot, but the increased smartness may appeal to you.


**Distinctive Tailoring**

not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

**BY**

**J. & H. ELLIS,**

**Of 201, Strand, London,**

And 20, Farringdon St., E.C.,

TO THEIR

**Harris Tweed Suits, from 45/-**

**Dress Suits, from 70/-**

AND

**"Aquasoko" Overcoats, from 42/-**

proves them to be specialists in their line of business. It is because they know the secret of making men's clothes that they offer their services with every confidence, and feel it

**Commands Your Patronage.**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# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Cycling Suit, grey tweed; hose and two pairs shoes; also two Sweaters; all suit medium size.—Offers to Box 92, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Motor Coat, leather lined; two peak Caps; big, fur-lined Gloves; and Goggles, £3.—Box 97, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Riding Breeches, West End make; pair hunting Boots; and Crop.—Sell lot, £2 10s.; cost double. —Box 98, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Three pair White Ducks; Sweater; canvas Boots (studded); and Striped Blazer; offers.—Box 99, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dress Suit.—Scarcely worn; condition perfect; chest, 36 in.; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; waist, 34 in.; take 20s.—Box 93, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Two good Dressing Gowns.—Blue serge; trimmed blue and white twisted cording; very smart; quite new.—Offers, Box 94, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Yeomanry Officer's Khaki Uniform, Overcoat, and Accoutrements, including two Colt ·36 cal. muzzle revolvers. — Box 95, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Fit tall slim man.—Cheviot Tweed Tourist Suit, extra pair Knickers, and light fawn Overcoat; sell cheap. —Box 96, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Brown Summer Suit.—New; 35 in. chest; fit man 5 ft. 8½ in. height; cost £3 10s.; sell 25s.—Chell, 4, Ferryhill Place, Aberdeen.

Evening Dress.—Dinner Jacket, in perfect condition; and Waistcoat; lining worn; fit man, 5 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. 10 in.; 17s. 6d.; approval.—Box 115, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Brown Leather Leggings, and good Saddle; cheap.—Box 100, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Morning Coat and Vest; 36 in. chest, 5 ft. 10 in.—Box 101, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Navy blue Lounge Suit; fashionable cut. Lowest price for cash.—Box 102, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

## SPORTING APPLIANCES.

Webley Six-chambered Revolver and 125 Cartridges, 30s. Microscope complete, mahogany case, 12s. Pocket Telescope, leather case, 10s.—Box 87, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Best quality Greenheart Fishing-rod and Reel; £1 or near offer. — Box 107, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pigskin Riding Saddle.—By West End maker; 25s.— Box 110, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

For Sale.—Parallel Bars, Punching Ball, and Vaulting Horse; all in very fair condition; will sell cheaply for cash, or entertain good exchange.—Box 103, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Cricket Practice Net for disposal.—Excellent condition; complete with necessary poles and fixtures; what offers?—Box 104, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Split Cane Fishing Rod; 14 ft.; good make; cheap.— Box 117, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Set Golf Clubs (six), practically new, 21s.; approval willingly; dozen Balls, 7s. 6d.—Box 126, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—High-class Pair of Field Glasses; case and shoulder straps; in perfect condition; long distance Lenses.—Box 127, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Lawn Tennis Nets, complete with poles, etc.; no fancy prices given.—Box 116, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Split Cane Trout Rod in good condition.— Box 108, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

## DOGS.

Prize Bred Fox Terrier Puppies.—6 months; wire; dog and bitch; make winners and workers; 20s. each.—Browell, Roker Park, Sunderland.

Sale or Useful Exchange.—Bull Airedale Terrier, "Grip"; 10 months; splendid guard and companion; very game, 40s. Wire-haired Fox Terrier; 7 months; good guard; 20s.— W. Pickles, Windsor Kennels, Hebden Bridge.

Thoroughbred Retriever.—Splendid swimmer; good pedigree; very obedient; price £2; with large kennel, collar, chain and whip.—Box 121, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bull Bitch Pup.—Splendid bone and head; well-marked; sell 55s.; an exceptional chance.—Box 120, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

## HOBBIES.

Bagatelle Board.—Good as new; 8 feet; £1 10s.; Publican retiring.—Box 109, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Fret Machine, Treadle; also quantity of wood and patterns.—Box 113, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

2¾-h.p., Motor Cycle Engine.—In perfect condition; 3 in. bore, 2⅞ in. stroke; outside flywheel; 26s., or offer.—S. Payne, 91, Oakfield Road, Anerley.

Folding Hand Camera.—3½ by 2½; R.R. Lens; speeded shutter; rack focussing; pneumatic or Antinuous release; used once; sell £6 cash, cost double.—Box 134, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Photographic Enlarging Apparatus; cheap and good condition.—Box 114, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London,

Motoring.—Wanted, 30 amp. Accumulator; also Twin Trembler Coil.—Box 105, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

## BOOKS.

Gould's History of Freemasonry, 3 vols., 30s. Muspratt's Chemistry, 2 vols. 5s.—Box 85, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

To Civil Service Students.—Gill's Student's Geography, 2/6; Haugh's Advanced Arithmetic; Hall and Knight's Algebra; several miscellaneous Text Books on Indexing and Précis Writing; sell together or separately.—Box 118, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Passages from Modern English Poets, with etchings by the Junior Etching Club of 1861, including two by J. McNeil Whistler, one by Millais, one by John Tenniel, Stacey Marks, Henry Moore, etc., etc. What offers?—Adams, 19, Ryedale, Forest Hill Road, S.E.

What offers for beautiful Morocco-bound, gilt edge Edition of Shakespeare; 14 vols.?—Box 119, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Medical Student has two dozen good Standard Text Books to dispose of, including some of the best known treatises on Physics, Surgery, Anatomy, and Biology.—Write for list and prices to Box 129, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Well-bound vols. of Strand and Pearson's Magazine; not more than five years old; good, clean condition essential.—Lowest cash prices to Box 132, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Really good and comprehensive work on the Ethics of Stockbroking and Finance.—Full particulars to Box 130, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

## "DIGS."

Matlock.—Apartments; reasonable terms; near station, shops, etc.; piano.—Whitmore, 7, Kingsbridge.

North London.—Private family have room for gentleman boarder; good English cooking; piano, home comforts; terms very reasonable.—Box 122, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bournemouth.—Apartments or Board-Residence; near sea and station; write for terms.—Mrs. Dawkins, "Comragh," York Road, Bournemouth.

Houseboat to Let for coming season.—40 miles from town; very pretty, well fitted; ideal scenery; references required and given.—Particulars from Box 123, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dublin Reader (public school man, age 26) would put up Londoner for one or two weeks, in exchange for return visit; prefer enthusiastic cyclo-photographer. —Box 124, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Hendon.—Ideal Country Life; easy access City, 3½d.; near all sports; suitable two gentlemen sharing.— "G," Queensmere, Finchley Lane.

Young Barrister would like to hear of another professional gentleman with view of "digging" together, either in chambers or little way out of town.—Box 131, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted to hire for June.—A small Touring Caravan, with horse.—Box 112, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Holiday Resort in North Cornwall; near coast but far as possible from seaside town.— Box 125, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

## TRADE.

To Leicester Readers.—For perfect physical development: six weeks' course for 5s. (systems include Continental method); boxing taught.—Apply Baker, 107, Kirby Road, Leicester.

Fountain Pen.—14ct. iridium nib, self filling and cleaning, 5s. 6d.—W., 166, Wood Street, Walthamstow, London, N.E.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand is learned in twelve easy lessons, and saves a year's study. Highest speed. Illustrated handbook FREE.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

8ft. Ottoman Spring Seat, 15s. 5ft. 3ins. Deal Seat, 3s. Large Deep-seated Wicker Easy Chair, 12/-. 7 Japanese Corner Shelves, 5s. Leather Hanging Stick Rack, 4s. Ornamental Waste Paper Holders, 2s. 6 Brass Wire Picture Postcard Holders, 1s. 6d. Several Good Fountain Pens, Pen Racks; half cost price. Pair Bronze Figures, Clock and Barometer, 55s. Table and Wall Bracket Duplex Lamps, 2s., 5s., 6s., 8s.—Box 88, "The Modern Man" 231, Strand, London.

Cavalry Shoulder Chains, Riding Whip, Spurs, etc.— 10s. the lot, or sell separately. Yeomanry Mess Waistcoat, 5s. Storm-proof Motoring Coat, 15s.— Box 86, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Second-Hand Typewriter for Sale.—Standard keyboard; in good condition; cost £22, accept half.— Box 89, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Marble Clock, Portable Desk, and good, serviceable Lathe—exchange anything useful, or sell separately. —Box 90, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Several fine old Engravings and Indian Curios—sell cash.—Box 91, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—A 60-egg Incubator; Tamlin's preferred.— Box 106, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Correspondence Courses on Boxing and Jujitsu; must be cheap.—Box 111, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Set of Sectional Bookcases; mahogany or walnut.—Box 128, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Portable and Adjustable Combined Table and Bookstand; cheap.—Box 133, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

# Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

# Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

## FOR YOUR HAIR.

**I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.**

*Geo R Sims*

# *Tatcho*

## WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

**DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."**

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

*Philip. Cooke M.D.*

**LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."**

Torr-Aluinn, Duncon, N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

*Lady Powell*

**LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."**

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

*Jessie Sykes*

**COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."**

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

*E Perry Colonel*

**COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."**

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

*A Bacot-Chester*

**THE NOVELIST "RITA."**

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

*"Rita"*

**COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."**

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

*T. Wolfe Murray Commander R.N.*

**LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."**

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

*Lady Collins*

## WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, know this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

## The COUPON

FOR A

## 4/6 Trial Bottle,

## TATCHO.

***Cut this out.***

**"TATCHO" COUPON.**

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M.

*Per Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co*